NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VIII.---NO. 20. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1847. WHOLE NUMBER 384.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

"The Peculiar Institution."

Extracts from Thompson's Life and Prison Reflections.

FEMALE PRISONERS.

In the early part of our time, a woman of vile character was sent here; staid two or three days, and was pardoned. About a year afterwards another, came, for killing her husband. Her sentence was five years; she staid nearly two, and was pardoned.

She worked outside, at Capt, R.'s and Judge B.'s house. Mrs. B. abused her so shamefully she ran away, but was brought back the next day and locked up in her cell, where she had but little to eat or drink for some days. The horrid cruelty towards her while thus locked up, so aroused the indignation of certain wicked prisoners, that there was strong talk of a "*mutiny*," unless Judge B. altered his course. After about three weeks she was again taken outside, where she worked about four months, coming to her cell every night. In the fall she became the mother of a daughter. The doctor refused to be present at the time of her delivery. Mrs. Brown would neither come nor let any one else attend; the overseer told one of the prisoners to assist her, who did so, and he was the only one to wait upon her for some time. Mrs. B. refused to come near her, or to furnish any materials for the child's clothing, so that she remained in her cold cell, with her child, for nearly a week before anything was done. Nor was she allowed to have any fire during the cold winter weather—but suffered in her damp and chilly cell till she was pardoned out! The whole is a horrid, disgraceful affair on all sides. But can anything better be expected from Slavery?

The next woman was put in a cell and riveted fast, having a stove, and everything brought to her by other prisoners, with whom she conversed much. A great many resorted to her cell to talk with her. Her conversation was very disgusting. She was sick much of the time, and often in the night have we been awakened by her groans and screams for help. After a time the door was unfastened, and the guard could go there when they chose! She staid about six months and was pardoned out.

The next was a coloured woman. She arrived here in the night, and was locked in a cell with three wicked vile men! The next day she was arrayed in prison colors: half of her dress yellow, and the other half white. This was the first time that any female had been so clothed. The others wore their own clothes, which they brought with them.

She was then placed in the wash-house, to work with two wicked men; if in her cell by day, it was unlocked, so that any prisoner could visit her or any guard by night! Now, why is she treated in this manner? O! she is nothing but a "nigger!" And what respect is paid to a "nigger's" purity in a slave State? Many other things might be mentioned respecting the abominable treatment of these women, but I must pass along.

A PROHIBITION.

So many of the prisoners who where trusted outside alone, and run away, that the inspectors prohibited the officers from sending any men out without a guard. But as James had been sick and was quite feeble, he asked one of the inspectors if he could go out and breathe the fresh air for his health. The reply was, "I have no objection, and I presume the other inspectors will have none. We are not at all afraid of you. There is not the least imputation against you!" "No imputation!" and yet will not let us go!

At different times James went out and enjoyed the liberty of recreating himself as he chose, which greatly invigorated his system.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Yarmouth Register.

MORE TOM-FOOLERY.

Wonders will never cease. When a class of self-styled philanthropists some time since seriously advocated a dissolution of the Union and cursed the Constitution, it was supposed that hair-brained folly could go no further—that madness and fanaticism had attained their most sublime height! But it seems we were mistaken. For while all were absorbed with wonder and amazement, and even these mad-caps themselves were pausing, quite out of breath from their extraordinary efforts, forward comes Mr. Parker Pillsbury, "like a giant refreshed from his slumbers," and by a truly Quixotic display of fanaticism, throws his coadjutors entirely into the shade, and bears off the palm of victory. The brilliant project which he set on foot, and which may be found in detail in the columns of the "Liberator," is no less than to petition the English Government to suspend diplomatic intercourse with the United States, because, according to his enlightened views, our country is so deeply steeped in the sin of Slavery, as to be unworthy of being connected in any manner with the immaculate English—the same English that rule with a rod of iron in Ireland, and commit the most revolting enormities in India. This is his project; and we expect to see it ere long engrafted into the creed of the party to which he belongs.

But we fear that in this matter Mr. Pillsbury has got a little beyond his depth—that diplomacy is not his forte. His case is like that of the excellent Mrs. Partington in the great storm at Sidmouth. In the height of the tempest, says Sidney Smith, when the tide came up to the houses, Mrs Partington was seen with her mop and patten, running here and there, trundling her mop and squeezing it, and vigorously trying to push away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you the contest was unequal. The Atlantic beat Mrs Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Something so with Mr. Pillsbury. He is, we dare say, well enough qualified to call names and tell fibs about public men; but he is not quite at home on the Laws of Nations.

But *should* he succeed in his brilliant project, and put an end to official intercourse with England, we do hope that diplomatic relations will be established with the country known as the "Paradise of Fools," and that Mr. Pillsbury will be appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy *Extraordinary* to the same.

From the Southern Baptist.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION IS AN ABOLITION SOCIETY.

Let Southern Baptists read the following and other similar and worse extracts from the publications of the American Sunday School Union, and we are no prophet, if it will not increase their desires and contributions for the success of the Southern Baptist Publication Society. No books, tracts, or pamphlets, not even Bible Commentaries, or notes on the Gospels or Epistles, or child's catechisms, or even spelling-book or reader, published beyond the limits of the Southern States, should be bought or placed in the hands of a child by any parent or teacher, which has not first been rigidly examined.

The South—Christians of the South—Southern Baptists—Southern Patriots, do not appreciate, or do not seem to perceive, the dangerous tendencies of their apathy and indifference. The spirit of abolitionism is aggressive and offensive in its warfare. Whatever society at the North calls itself American with a few exceptions, to be consistent, should substitute *Abolition* for *American*. Let us enumerate a few of the abolition societies:

1. American Board of Commissioners for Missions!!!.
2. American Baptist Home Mission Board.
3. American Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

But their names are legion. Read the following from the Cheraw Gazette:—

The American Sunday School Union.—From a book published by the above society, entitled, "Jacob and his Son; or, the second part of a conversation between Mary and her Mother," we extract the following, which may be found on pages 45 and 46.

"What is a slave, mother?" asked Mary; is it a servant?"

"Yes," replied her mother, "slaves are servants, for they work for their masters, and wait on them; but they are not hired servants, but are bought and sold like beasts, and have nothing but what their masters choose to give them. They are obliged to work very hard, and sometimes their masters use them very cruelly, beat them, and starve them, and kill them; for they are chained together, and driven about like beasts."

We call upon those slaveholders who have contributed their funds to aid this society, to examine the extract, and they will find, that instead of their funds having been applied to the dissemination of religious intelligence, that they have been applied to the dissemination of slander and falsehood. Let a stranger read the extract, and what would be his inference in regard to the Southern slave? Certainly not that his life was protected by the same laws that protect the life of his master; but that his life was placed in the hands of the capricious and bloodthirsty master, subject to no legal penal restraint. Is this the position of the slave? Certainly not. This society, then, has basely slandered the slaveholder, and deserves not his further support. Indeed, it is time for the South to wake up and face their enemies, whether they appear in the shape of political or religious Abolitionists.

Let Baptists in the South rally around the Southern Baptist Publication Society, and enable the Board to furnish Bibles, Tracts, Sunday School, religious, and other books, which do not assail Southern institutions, and the Southern social systems. Let us be independent. Let us prepare for self-defence. Let us be vigilant. Let us shake off the yoke. If the Southern Baptists do not provide reading for their own household, they have denied their household faith, and are worse than infidels. We say it fearlessly.

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.

PHILANTHROPY AND FANATICISM.

It is known to many of our citizens that an Anti-Slavery Convention was in session for several days of last week at the Court-House in this city. The chief speakers were Douglass and Remond, coloured men of talent and celebrity. Mr. Henry Bush, of this city, was President of the meeting, and Mr. Nelson Bostwick, also of Rochester, was the Secretary.

The following resolutions were adopted, and a copy has been sent to us with a request to publish:

[The resolutions were published in the Standard of a fortnight since.]

It is not a little difficult to account for the fact that men of character and respectability should lend their sanction to the sentiments contained in some of these resolutions. For example, the 4th of the series: how hideous must be the fanaticism which could induce men of common sense and common sympathies to characterize the religion of the land as "infidelity," and the churches generally as "dens of thieves." Some of the persons who participate in such intemperate declarations are engaged in a personal crusade after notoriety, and seem to understand well enough that the only way in which they can escape from insignificance is by becoming offensive: but others are citizens of charitable feelings, of just aims, and of good motives, who lend themselves to these proceedings, as we cannot but infer from their general character, through the influence of a mistaken belief that they are performing a duty.

In our view, the furious denunciations which these people bestow upon all who "recognize slaveholders as Christians," springs from an erroneous standard of moral conduct. Instead of judging all men by the motives which actuate them, they assume the outward act of slaveholding to be in itself and necessarily a crime, no matter what the motive, and therefore brand as "thieves," not only all who themselves hold slaves, but such also as may extend fellowship to slaveholders. Surely a little cool reflection, a little self-examination, would convince these people that cases *may* exist in which slaves are held from motives of benevolence. An instance of the kind occurs to us. Mr. Frelinghuysen is stated to have been for many years the legal owner of an aged female slave, who came into his possession by property descent. She was infirm, and could not subsist without his charitable care. That gentleman, alike eminent as a philanthropist, a statesman, and a Christian, did not turn her adrift by a deed of manumission, but kindly provided for her till her death. Now, if the creed if Garrison, Douglass, and their followers be true, Mr. Frelinghuysen was by this conduct, which no good man, it seems to us, can fail to commend, constituted a fit inmate of a "den of thieves."

There must be a fatal error in premises which lead to such abhorrent conclusions. And this error, —that of assuming the act of slaveholding to be *necessarily* and in *every case* criminal, has brought the Garrison party to pronounce the Church a den of thieves, to declare hostility to the Union, and to proclaim in the desecrated name of humanity the most ferocious intolerance towards all who do not subscribe to their tenets.

We shall not be understood to say that we think slaveholders generally actuated by good motives. We do not. Generally they are moved by a corrupt desire for gain, and a criminal disregard of the rights of others. But we believe that now, as in the times of the patriarchs and apostles, there are some who hold slaves without Divine reprehension, however furiously they may be denounced by men.

The following article from the Washington Union exhibits the views of the administration in relation to the Mexican War. Nothing short of the subjugation of a large portion of Mexico will satisfy the slave-power in its determination to extend the area of Slavery:

Forbearance has ceased to be a Virtue.—The Mexican Government having declined to accede to the liberal propositions of our Government for peace, or even, it would seem, to give them a serious and respectful hearing, it is now manifest that the forbearing spirit and object which has induced the administration to tender peace has been wholly misunderstood.

The propositions of Mexico, that we should pay to Mexican citizens all the damages sustained by them during the war, surrender all that portion of Texas west of the Neuces, abandon all of New Mexico, all of Lower and one-half of Upper California, leave the imports of our own and all other merchants into the Mexican ports open to new duties, or even to confiscation, and give up our claim to any right of way across the isthmus—are so preposterous as to put all hopes of peace, at least for the present, out of the question.

We understand it has been determined by the Government to make no further overtures of peace on our part. When Mexico wants peace hereafter, let her sue for it. We are now in the possession of her capital, principal cities, ports, and possessions. Large reinforcements are daily moving forward from Vera Cruz, sufficient to support the gallant column in the present occupation of the capital, Puebla, &c. and to open, and keep open, the line of communication between the seaboard and the main army. In addition to, and besides the regiments now organizing and moving forward from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana, other reinforcements, to the full extent authorized by the law of Congress, will be called out at once, to make certain of the security of the army in its present occupation and operations.

As the continuance of the war is forced upon us, it must be waged with vigour. The country conquered must be occupied and governed by martial law, and its resources and revenues rendered tributary in every practicable manner to the support of our occupation and Government.

We are happy to learn that there are ample means in the treasury (thanks to the operation of the tariff of 1846) for the most vigorous prosecution of the war, including the organization, equipment, transportation, &c. of all the new troops required, until some time after the meeting of Congress.

Let us hope, however, that her recent treacherous and vindictive course will rouse and unite the nation in the prosecution of the war, and in exacting from her, by military contributions, as far as practicable, its future expenses.

Selections.

From the National Era.

LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN G. FEE.

To Dr. S. H. Cox, of New-York:

REVEREND AND RESPECTED SIR: That number of the Era containing your letter to me did not come to hand, and I found your letter only by going out into one of the neighbouring churches; hence this delay in reply.

Your letter was characterized by kindness and Christian courtesy; you say my previous communication was equally so, and I intend this shall not fall behind either. Such only is consistent with the spirit of Christ and that charity which "hopeth all things."

You say my charge upon you results from confounding into one two things that differ; at least, if this is not true, you are very sincere in your mistake, and claim the pity of my heart in your favour. The one I am willing to believe, and the other ready to grant; for my object was to show that, in your words, as *then* spoken, you had confounded into one two things that differ. This we shall see when we come again to examine your words on *that occasion*.

You say your words at Cincinnati were substantially these: "The mere relation, in law, sustained of a slaveholder is not necessarily sin." Now, Doctor, you have certainly forgotten what were your words on that occasion. Your words on that occasion, as reported for the Watchman of the Valley, May 27, and which lies before me; as understood by one of the editors of the Watchman, who sat beside me when you uttered the words, and then briefly commented on them to me; as understood by other contributors to the Watchman, and, as I learn, published by the National Press—are these: "The doctrine that the *relation* between master *and slave*, by law, is essential sin, is essential *foolishness*."

These are precisely the words given in my first communication; for I relied not only upon memory, but was careful to note the words of the Watchman, which I had before me when I penned my first communication to you. Now, had you, on that occasion, simply said, the man who buys a slave for the purpose of emancipating him as soon as possible; had you said, as you have now substantially said, that the master does not in all cases, commit essential sin, then there would not have been any controversy. But, whatever you may have meant, your *words* were different from the above. You said the *relation* that exists by law between master and *slave* is not essential sin.

Now, what is this relation but Slavery? The buyer is one object—the man bought, or the slave, is another. The *relation* which is created between these objects by law *is slavery*. It is that relation in which, by law, one innocent man is compelled to be the property of another; is deprived of the right of personal ownership; of the right to worship his God as he pleases; of the right to the proceeds of his own labour; of the right to own the wife of his bosom and the child of his body; may be sold the minute after his purchase for the master's debts; or, in case of the master's immediate death, the slave may be distributed to unfeeling heirs. This relation is slavery, and you have said it is "*malum in se*"—a sin in itself. Were you to buy a slave, no doubt you would free him; and you would wish the relation of slavery to cease the next minute after you should buy him. But this relation does not depend entirely upon your will, for the law holds the slave as your property, and were you involved, it would sell that man for your debts; it would hold him yet a slave, subject to all the liabilities of property, until you could obtain a decree of court for his emancipation. Now, though you may be pure in your motives, though you may be innocent, yet the relation exists in despite of you; and the law, in creating and perpetuating this relation, creates and perpetuates a relation which is sinful. And this relation is slavery.

That in your words at Cincinnati, there was a *lapsus linguæ*; that there was an "infirmity or infelicity of expression," that you intended only to say—"The mere relation, in law, sustained of a slaveholder is not necessarily sin." Now, Doctor, you have certainly forgotten what were your words on that occasion. Your words on that occasion, as reported for the Watchman of the Valley, May 27, and which lies before me; as understood by one of the editors of the Watchman, who sat beside me when you uttered the words, and then briefly commented on them to me; as understood by other contributors to the Watchman, and, as I learn, published by the National Press—are these: "The doctrine that the relation between master and slave, by law, was essential sin, was essential foolishness," the press and people understood you, as I did, to say that "Slavery is not essential sin."

Now, the difference between this and your position in your late letter to me is material and practical. So long as the people understand from their reverend teachers that Slavery is not esssential sin, we cannot expect them to feel that enslaving will endanger their souls, nor that slaveholders should be excluded from the Church.

With this doctrine, that institution, whose "victims are men and women," whose devastations kill beyond the tomb," will live preying upon the vitals of the church, so long as the church itself shall exist. "It will kill us, or we must kill it." But we may not kill a relation that is not sinful.

As to the point of consistency, if you understand by it that a man must always teach the same doctrine, and have the same practice, then I do not expect any uninspired man to have such consistency. I am free to say that I have changed my views and practice, in some respects, in regard to this question of Slavery. And had you told us at Cincinnati that you had changed your views, and grown wiser, since the publication of your words in 1842, I should have headed my article differently. But you profess not to have changed your views on this subject, and yet your words teach opposite doctrines. But, respected brother, I am happy to know, for the sake of righteousness and the cause of suffering humanity, that these words did not express your meaning; that you intended something different from what the press and people have understood you to teach. The grand object of my communication was not only to show that the sinfulness of Slavery did not depend upon the intention of the master alone, but also to elicit from you such an explanation as should tear you from the lists of apologists for Slavery, and place you again among those who yet say, in your adopted language, it is "*malum in se*;" and thus place you where, in words at least, the charge of inconsistency could not be made.

There is one thing in relation to practice which remains to be noticed. It is called forth by a remark in your late letter. You say you "find it necessary not to belong to any existing society or association of Abolitionists;" "that your conscience and judgment on such a theme as that of Slavery must not be merged in a crowd." Now did you not merge your name, judgment, and influence, into the biggest crowd of delegates the world ever saw? I mean the World's Christian Alliance, which met in London, little more than twelve months since. Did you not there, my brother, make "firm concord" with the brandy boys of England and slaveholders of America? And did they not take you by the hand, call you brother, and virtually say, "Doctor, you are not one of those who keep their eye upon that passage in 1 Cor. v. 11, which says, 'I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a drunkard or an extortioner; *with such an one, no, not to eat?*'" but upon that more liberal one, which (in reference to *external* forms) says, "I become all things to all men, that I might gain some." The press and people of the West greatly mistake your practice, if you did not merge your name and influence into a big crowd there, and one, too, which fellowships drunkenness and Slavery. Now, Doctor, in fidelity I say it, you ought to explain your practice as well as your words. And, if I know my own heart and anything of the desires of other friends around me, we shall be just as glad to know that you do not intend to fellowship drunkards and slaveholders any more by your practice than you do to apologize for Slavery by your words. Yours, in Christ,

JOHN G. FEE.

Cabin Creek P. O. Ky. Sept. 15, 1847.

The Herkimer Freeman thus reports the speech of Douglass, at the meeting at Little Falls, on the 27th ultimo:

After a prayer by Rev. J. P. Campbell, Mr. Douglass addressed the meeting. He adverted to the circumstances of his life and education, and alluded to Mr. Garrison's illness and position as a reformer; after which he entered upon the general subject which the meeting had been called to consider.

Slavery (said Mr. D.) is a giant crime. It towers aloft, high above ordinary crimes, solitary and alone. There were great difficulties in the way of getting the truth before the people on this subject. There was humanity enough, Christianity enough, love of republican liberty enough in this country, if you could only get at it, to abolish Slavery. But there were obstacles in the way. People have had to look at this question through the mazes of political parties. The Church and the clergy have thrown their pontifical robes about this enormous crime—have exerted themselves to shield it from rebuke, and have even brought the Bible to justify it! Ah, said Mr. D. I warn you not to press your Bible into this service. If you succeed in showing that the Bible sanctions Slavery, you prove your Bible false.

I have said Mr. D. no argument to make here to prove my right to liberty. I ask you to look at your Declaration of Independence. I AM A MAN, and entitled to the rights of a man. If I were in Austria or Russia, I might consent to argue the question of "inalienable rights," but *here* it would be manifestly out of place; this is a "land of liberty." We have proclaimed it to the wide world that we hold it to be "self-evident that ALL men are created equal," and entitled to their freedom. I am not going to argue the question here.

Mr. D. then referred to Mr. Calhoun's declaration in the Senate, that he had "done with compromises." I am glad, said he, to see it; it is manly, and I wish our Northern politicians would learn to imitate it. I want to see men one thing or the other. He referred also to the Wilmot proviso, and expressed the hope that it would be maintained.

The speaker said that he had been denounced by the Boston *Olive Branch*, a professedly religious paper, as a *traitor*, and recommended to be hung! Now two things are required to make a traitor: 1st. One must have a country, and, 2d. he must be found in arms against it. *I have no country.* I was indeed born on your soil: I have watered it with my sweat and tears, and enriched it with my blood, yet it disowns me.

Mr. D. said that, judged politically and religiously, by our professions and our conduct, we are a nation of hypocrites and liars! [A voice in the audience denied it.] For proof, he referred to the Declaration of '76, and the fact that within a few days past, TWO WOMEN had been sold in the city of Washington by the authority of the General Government, and the money deposited in the treasury of the nation! You "hold these truths to be self-evident" that all men are entitled to liberty, yet your President is a man-stealer! You have liberty poles erected all about the country—you have "liberty" stamped on all your national coins—yet there is not a single foot of your soil that is free from the taint of Slavery. You spread wide your arms and invite the oppressed of other lands to come here and find a refuge from oppression—you boast of your battle-grounds of freedom—you point us to Lexington, Concord, and Saratoga—yet there is not in all this broad land a single spot, to which the black man may escape and be free!

Mr. D. next adverted to the religion of the country. You call it, said he, a "land of civil and religious liberty." You boast of your Bible, tract and missionary operations, and talk of your revivals of religion and revivals of the slave trade—religion and robbery—Bibles and bowie-knives; you boast of your love of equal rights, yet at the same time deny to one-sixth of your people the right of marriage, the rights of parents, property, liberty, and instruction! You talk of moral purity, yet lend your countenance to a system of wholesale adultery and murder. You talk of "Christian liberty," and what do we see, but Methodist selling Methodist, Baptist selling Baptist, Presbyterian selling Presbyterian. You have Bible societies, missionary societies, slave auctions, slaveholding Presidents and slaveholding Doctors of Divinity, and you are at this moment waging a war for the extension of Slavery! Oh these are good times; we are a great nation—we are! [Laughter.] I am glad to see that we can laugh at this sort of religion. It is a good sign.

Mr. D. then referred to a discourse addressed to slaves by Bishop Meade, of Virginia—a Christian slaveholder, (a white blackbird, said the speaker)—on evangelical flogging. Some extracts, which he read, were peculiarly rich and edifying.

The speaker said that he formerly belonged to a Methodist brother, who was a class-leader. In that part of the country it takes a man-stealer to be a class-leader. He was a very devout man, but a thief and a brothel-keeper—as is every slaveholder, from the Reverend Doctor Fuller down to James K. Polk. And this is the character of slaveholding religion—a religion of crime, pollution, and tyranny—a religion which strips three millions of our equal brethren of all their God-given rights—which declares for whom they shall work, when they shall work, and how long and hard they shall work—when they shall eat, what they shall eat, and how long they shall go without eating—when they shall be punished, for what they shall be punished, and to what extent they shall be punished; a religion which steals children as soon as they are born, tramples on the marriage relation, and makes merchandise of the image of God. The auction-block stands in the neighbourhood of the pulpit, and the groans of the stricken bondman mingle with the prayers and praises of the great congregation. Oh, this is a great nation, and doubtless has a great regard for religion! [Cheers.]

Mr. D. alluded to the late meeting of the American Board of Missions at Buffalo—a board which had done many strange things in past years, and he looked in upon it the other day to see what it was doing. At a former meeting it had "organized" Slavery, declaring it to be an "organic sin," like the Mexican war, for which nobody seemed to be responsible. Some held that J. K. Polk made the war, others that Gen. Taylor made it, but since Congress had "organized" the war, there appeared to be no individual responsibility for it anywhere. And so of Slavery, or any other crime; if you can only succeed in getting it "organized," it seems your responsibility for it is gone! In view of this new theology, it was well and sharply said by Parker Pillsbury, "The American Board had better organize *all* sin, and then vote in the millenium." [Applause.]

Mr. D. then referred to the services which Brother Taylor, Bro. Scott, and their coadjutors, were rendering to the cause of religion in Mexico—the "dear brethren" who had been voted in as honorary members of a Missionary Society at Nashville, Tenn. The destruction of men's bodies by scores and hundreds with ball and steel—the slaughter of myriads of innocent women and children by the bombardment of cities—was not, perhaps, altogether inconsistent with a tender regard for the "good of souls," and their spiritual welfare!

He referred also to what he styled the "Rev. Henry Clay's work on sanctification," (Mr. C.'s speech in the U. S. Senate, Feb. 1839,) and said he expected another work shortly from the same able pen on "Baptism." The religious world will doubtless be charmed by the forthcoming work—as it has already been by the reports which have been sent home by our beloved missionaries, Scott and Taylor, evincing as they do the "stately steppings" of evangelical religion in the great Southwest! [Loud applause.]

It is well, said Mr. D. to have these things before us, that we may see ourselves as we are. We send the Gospel to the cannibals of the Feeje islands, but refuse it to our three millions of slaves. The slave runs away from the man with the Bible in his hand, and takes refuge with the beasts of the forest—with the Indian 'and his tomahawk. We vote forty millions of dollars to support our army and navy, and buy bloodhounds to hunt fugitive slaves. At this moment we are waging an infernal war with Mexico, for no better purpose than to extend and perpetuate the damning institution of negro slavery. And the pulpit is dumb! Three millions of people in our land are bought and sold like cattle, trampled under foot, and denied every right, including even the right to read the name of the God who made them. And the pulpit is dumb—dumb!

The speech of Mr. Douglass, of which the above is a meagre outline, occupied about an hour, and produced a deep and wide impression. It was the most complete and withering exposition of Sham Christianity that we ever heard.

From the Signal of Liberty. (Ann Arbor Mich.)

A BAPTIST PREACHER.

The Herald of Freedom, Indiana, in noticing the recent incursion of the Kentucky men-stealers into Cass county, says:

A Baptist preacher was amongst this pious gang, who, in the melee, had secured an infant from its cradle, the child of one of the coloured women claimed, and with it in his holy clutches, he came to trial, amid the taunts of "Cradle-robber," "pious baby-stealer," "trunnel-bed plunderer,".

If this "pious baby-stealer" were to offer to preach in the Baptist churches in Niles, Detroit, or Ann Arbor, on his way home, is there anything in the ecclesiastical relations of those churches which would be a bar to his being welcomed as a "beloved brother in the Lord," and breaking to them the bread of life?

SPEECH OF MR. SUMNER,

AT THE WHIG CONVENTION, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

We copy from the Boston Courier the speech of Mr. Sumner on the resolution of Mr. Palfrey, which was rejected by the Massachusetts Whig Convention:

It is late, and I am sorry to trespass upon your unwilling attention; but the importance of the cause is my apology. The question is, What form of expression shall we give to our opposition to the extension of Slavery? And here it is satisfactory to know that there can be no embarrassment arising from constitutional scruples. It is not proposed to interfere with Slavery in any of its constitutional strongholds, or to touch, any of the so-called compromises of the Constitution. Adopting the principle, so often declared by our Southern friends, that Slavery is a local institution, drawing its vitality from the municipal laws of the States in which it exists, we solemnly assert that the power of the nation—of Congress—of the North as well as the South—shall not be employed to extend it, and that it shall not be planted in any territory which may be hereafter acquired by the United States, by purchase or otherwise.

And is it not strange, Mr. President, that we, in this nineteenth century of the Christian era—in a country whose earliest charter declares that "all men are born free and equal,"—under a Constitution, one of whose expressed objects is "to secure the blessings of liberty,"—is it not passing strange that we should be now occupied in considering how best to prevent the opening of new markets in human flesh? Slavery, which has been expelled from distant despotic States, seeks shelter here by the altars of freedom! Alone in the company of nations does our country assume the championship of this hateful institution. Far away in the East, at "the gateways of the day," by the sacred waters of the Ganges, in effeminate India, Slavery has been condemned; in Constantinople, the queenly seat of the most powerful Mahomedan empire, where barbarism still mingles with civilization, the Ottoman Sultan has fastened upon it the stigma of disapprobation; the Barbary States of Africa have been changed into Abolitionists; from the untutored ruler of Morocco comes the expression of his desire, stamped in the formal terms of a treaty, that the very name of Slavery may perish from the minds of men; and only recently, from the Bey of Tunis has proceeded that noble act, by which, "in honour of God, and to distinguish man from the brute creation,"—I quote his own words,—he decreed its total abolition throughout his dominions. Let Christian America be willing to be taught by these despised Mahomedans. God forbid that our Republic—"heir of all the ages, foremost in the files of time,"—should adopt anew the barbarism and cruelty which they have condemned or renounced!

The early conduct of our fathers, at the time of the formation of the Constitution, should be our guide now. On the original suggestion of Jefferson, subsequently sustained and modified by others, a clause was introduced into the fundamental law of the Northwest Territory, by virtue of which Slavery has been forever excluded from that extensive region. This act of wisdom and justice has been a source of prosperity and pride to the millions who now live beneath its influence. And shall we be less true to the principles of freedom than the authors of that instrument? Their spirits encourage us to constant and uncompromising devotion to its cause. With the promptings from their example may properly mingle the words of that Evangelist of Liberty, Lafayette, who, though born on a foreign soil, by his earnest labours, by his blood shed in our cause, by the friendship of Washington, by the gratitude of every American heart, is enrolled among the patriots and fathers of the land. His opinions of Slavery have only recently been revealed to the world. From the pen of the philanthropist, Clarkson, we learn that his amiable nature was specially aroused on this subject. "He was a real gentleman, says Clarkson, and of soft and gentle manners. I have seen him put out of temper, but never at any time except when Slavery was the subject." To Clarkson, Lafayette said expressly, "*I never would have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was founding a land of Slavery.*" Shall we, whom his sword helped to make free, now found a new land of Slavery?

A proposal has been made, that the Missouri compromise shall be applied to any territory to be acquired from Mexico—in other words, that all south of the parallel of 36° 30′ shall be devoted to Slavery. Are you aware, Sir, that this line, so unhappily notorious in our history, is almost precisely the parallel of Algiers, once the chief seat of white slavery? It is a proper parallel to mark a boundary so disgraceful to our country. It should be called the Algerine line. At the present time there can be no compromises. Compromise with Slavery is treason to freedom and to humanity. It is also treason to the Constitution. With every new extension of Slavery, there is fresh strength imparted to the political influence founded thereupon, which is called the Slave-Power. It is this influence which, beyond any other under our Government, has deranged our institutions. The great evils which have afflicted the country—the different perils to the Constitution—are all to be traced to this. The Missouri compromise, the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, are only a portion of the troubles which have been caused by the Slave-Power. It is an ancient fable, that the eruptions of Etna were produced by the restless movements of the giant Enceladus, who was imprisoned beneath. As he turned on his side, or stretched his limbs, or struggled, the conscious mountain belched forth flames, fiery cinders, and red-hot lava, carrying destruction and dismay to all who dwelt upon its fertile sides. The Slave-Power is the imprisoned Giant of our Constitution. It is there confined and bound to the earth. But its constant and strenuous struggles have caused—and ever will cause—eruptions of evil to our happy country, in comparison with which, the flames, the fiery cinders and red-hot lava of the volcano are trivial and transitory. The face of nature may be blasted—the land may be struck with sterility—villages may be swept by floods of flame, and whole families entombed alive in its burning embrace; but all these evils shall be small by the side of the deep, abiding, unutterable curse of an act of national wrong.

Let us, then, pledge ourselves, in the most solemn form, to united exertion, to restrain this destructive influence, within its original constitutional bounds. Let us prevent at all hazards the extension of Slavery, and the strengthening of the Slave-Power. Our opposition must keep right on, and not look back:

——"Like to the Pontic sea
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

In this contest, let us borrow from the example of the ancient Greek, who, when his hands were cut off, fought with his stumps, and even with his teeth. Let us borrow from the example of our party in its defence of the tariff. Let us borrow from the example of the slaveholders themselves, who are united and uncompromising in their unholy cause. Let us struggle for Freedom as earnestly as they struggle for Slavery. Let us rally under our white pavilion, resplendent with the trophies of Justice, Freedom, and Humanity, as enthusiastically as they troop together beneath their black flag pictured over with whips, chains and manacles.

And this brings me directly to the important point. How shall we make our opposition felt? How shall it become vital and palpable before the world, and to the slave power? On the present occasion we can only declare our course. But this we should do in the form of language most sternly expressive of our *determination*. It will not be enough merely to express certain *opinions* in well-couched phrase, and to add yet other resolutions to the hollow words which have passed into the limbo of things lost on earth. We must give our opinions that point and edge which they can derive only from the declared determination to abide by them at all hazards. We must carry them to the ballot-box, and bring all candidates to their standard. The recent Constitution of Louisiana, with the view of discouraging the practice of duelling, has disfranchised all persons engaged in a duel from holding any civil office. The Whigs of Massachusetts, so far as in them lies, must pronounce a similar sentence of disqualification, against all persons who are not known to be opposed to the extension of Slavery.

It has been distinctly proclaimed by the slave-power, that no person can receive its support who is known to be opposed to the extension of Slavery. The issue which is here offered, let us join. Such a course is due to our character for sincerity. It will show that we are in earnest, and by so doing, help to check the tyrannical spirit of the slave power, which has thus far intimidated the politicians—I will not say the people—of the free States. It will exclude from all hope of our support for high office any of those who may think to play the part of the Grand Compromiser on a question which admits of no compromise. Our motto must be—"Principles, and those men *only* who will maintain them."

I urge this course upon your attention, at the present moment, from a deep conviction of its importance. And be assured, Sir, that, whatever may be the final determination of this Convention, there are many here to-day, who will never yield their political support to any candidate, whether for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency, who is not known to be against the extension of Slavery—even although he may have freshly received the sacramental unction of a "regular nomination." We cannot say, with detestable morality, "our party *right or wrong*." The time has gone by, when gentlemen can expect to introduce among us the discipline of a camp. Loyalty to principle is higher than loyalty to party. The first is a heavenly sentiment from God; the other is a device of this earth. Far above any flickering light or mere battle-lantern of party is the everlasting sun of Truth, in whose beams are displayed the duties of men.

From the Boston Courier.

DALLAS ON SLAVERY.

Mr. Vice President Dallas has recently given his opinion upon the compromises of Slavery, with an evident view of not being behind Mr. Buchanan in the good graces of the Southerners. He came out at a political meeting at Pittsburg, and while he expressed no opinion upon the Wilmot Proviso, he warned his hearers against all compromises of the Constitution. It was entirely unnecessary for him to say that "the officers of the General Government are awake to the importance of the subject" which is so near his heart. The recent demonstrations of the Democratic politicians of the North are plain enough to convince every person that the administration, its officers, and its adherents, are determined to make a strong stand in favour of the extension of Slavery. Mr. Dallas says to the Pensylvanians:

We hear, in some quarters, much talk of what is called compromise. I am of that old school of Democrats who will never compromise the Constitution of my country. This is one of the words not to be found in that instrument. It was itself a result of compromise; but, once having become a thing of shape, of life, of spirit, then all compromise was at an end. It was a settled principle, a positive rule—a thing which might be broken; but having no materials in it which were capable of being bent. In it are to be found all the provisions for our Government; and if you wish for other provisions, you cannot put them there—all the legislation of Congress cannot put them—unless in accordance with its provisions. At the time of the admission of Missouri into the Union, I found the same sentiment very generally prevailing in some sections. I had the same opinions then on the subject that I have now; and in the midst of the agitation then manifest, there were many who could not see where the agitation would end. Then men got together and talked of compromises, and made compromises; and one half insisted on what they had no right to ask; and the other half submitted to that which they should never have submitted to. Any such system as this is calculated gradually to undermine the Constitution. Far better would be an instantaneous change in its provisions, by convention, than any compromise whatever inconsistent with that instrument itself.

The officers of the General Government are awake to the importance of this subject;—and there is no doubt that there will be much agitation in both houses of Congress upon it. In the Senate, I have no doubt, it will be examined in all its bearings; and I sincerely hope that something will be found to arise from it, calculated to place our institutions upon a still more firm and enduring basis than they even now are. The very best thing which can be done, when all is said upon the subject that may be said, will be to let it alone entirely—leaving to the people of the territory to be acquired the business of settling the matter for themselves; for where Slavery has no existence, all the legislation of Congress would be powerless to give it existence; and where we find it to exist, the people of the country have themselves adopted the institution; they have the right, alone, to determine their own institutions; and, as the matter so exists elsewhere, they are not to be condemned for its existence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—We learn from a friend from Manchester, who was present at the State Convention of the Independent Democrats and Liberty party at Concord yesterday, that about three hundred delegates were present. Asa Fowler, Esq. of Concord, was the presiding officer. The Convention nominated NATH'L S. BERRY, of Hebron, for Governor, he receiving 261 votes—two were cast for Jared Perkins, of Unity. The following gentlemen were chosen delegates to the Liberty Party National Convention, to be held at Buffalo on the twentieth of October, namely: Amos Tuck, of Exter, Daniel Holt, of Sandwich, Joseph Cochran, of Manchester, John L. Carlton, of Bath, Jared Perkins, of Unity, and Abraham Emerson of Candia. A resolution was unanimously adopted in favour of postponing the nomination of President until next year. A resolution was also passed recommending Mr. Hale to the National Convention as a candidate for the Presidency, as the first choice of the independents and Liberty men of N. H. George Barstow, Esq. of Manchester, made a speech in which he stated that his choice was Mr. Hale, but "whether the candidate should be New Hampshire Jack, or the Wagon boy of Ohio," he should receive his sup-

port. We are informed that this feeling pervaded the Convention. If the Liberty party generally throughout the country would manifest similar indications of common sense, they would appear to much better advantage. As far as we know, New Hampshire is the only State where that party has ever shown any disposition to made any concessions for the benefit of liberty. And it is also the only State where their efforts have been productive of anything but unmitigated evil. We hope that the reign of common sense is now about to begin. The Whigs of New Hampshire will hold a Convention at Concord on the 20th instant, and will probably adopt Judge Berry as their candidate. We believe it is in the power of the allied army to elect him, and also carry the Legislature. The canvass next spring will probably be as animated as the last one. All friends of freedom will rejoice in the success of Judge Berry and the allied army.—*Lowell Courier.*

From the Butler [Pa.] Whig, Sept. 22.

AN INFAMOUS OUTRAGE.

About noon on Saturday, the 11th instant, a gang of slave-hunters, about a dozen in number, and headed by a fellow named *Ralston*, an ex-Sheriff of Indiana county, in this State, came to the residence of Samuel Marshall, Esq. of Cranberry township, in this county, in quest of fugitive slaves, which, it was alleged, were secreted about the premises. They demanded to see Mr. Marshall, and were informed he was absent on business at Esq. Gibson's, in Allegheny county. A six barrelled revolver was then placed at the breast of Mrs. Marshall, and threats made that she would be instantly murdered if she did not immediately divulge the hiding places of the slaves. Mrs. Marshall, who exhibited great firmness upon the occasion, replied that there were no slaves about their premises. The gang then commenced to ransack the house and out buildings, accompanying their proceedings with threats of personal violence to the inmates of the family and destruction of the property. In the meantime the alarm had spread through the neighbourhood, and a large number of persons armed with rifles, had begun to assemble, at which the scoundrels took the alarm and decamped, threatening, however, that they would soon return with a much stronger force and carry their threats into execution.

Previous to visiting Esq. Marshall, the gang stopped at the house of his son, James G. Marshall, in Pine township, Allegheny county, where their conduct was of the most outrageous character. The wife of young Mr. Marshall was confined to bed by sickness, and the excitement produced by the infamous conduct of these villains has produced consequences that may result most seriously. The gang also attacked Alexander Gillespie, Wm. McMarlin, and John Dumbart, who were on their way to Esq. Marshall's on business, and threatened to "blow them through," without assigning any reason for their violence.

The slave-hunters had been prowling through the neighbourhood for about two weeks previous to the attack upon Mr. Marshall's house, and had committed various outrages at the houses of other citizens of the township, but their vengeance seemed to be directed principally against Mr. Marshall, who, they declared, they would "have in their possession yet." From our knowledge of the character of Mr. Marshall, we are inclined to think that if they attempt to return in order to execute their threats, they will meet with "a warm reception, and a hospitable grave." We are informed that the gang made their headquarters at the house of Robert H. M'Kee, Innkeeper of Cranberry township. Warrants have been issued for the apprehension of the villains, and it is to be hoped they may speedily be brought to summary justice.

We are authorized by Mr. Marshall to state that the only negroes about his premises are *free negroes*, manumitted by Mr. Bogus, near Morgantown, Virginia, who was their *father* and master; and that if he had been at home at the time he would cheerfully have permitted them to have been seen.

Communications.

The Campbellites.

COLUMBUS, (Ohio,) September 27, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have just read in the Standard of the 23d ult. a notice of the very *suitable reception* given by our Scotch friends to the Rev. Alexander Campbell. Nothing that I have seen lately has given me more satisfaction. It throws me back to the time of my residence in the slave State of Missouri, where I met frequently with Mr. C.'s most *devoted* followers, who style themselves, par excellence, "*Christians*," sometimes also "*Reformers*." Not much of observation or insight was necessary in order to discover that these titles were a scandal even to *common sense*; so I invariably used the more appropriate term, "Campbellite," when speaking of the body. These "*Christians*" kept their slaves, male and female, old and young, huddled together in one room, at night—a desolate-looking, dirty "cabin," at some little distance from the comfortable mansion inhabited by themselves. They gave them no religious or other instruction. They spoke to them as if they were *dogs*. They clothed them, until grown, and even then, in rags, thus precluding this little chance of giving them self-respect. The most they would admit was, that Slavery was a social and political, never a *moral*, evil. It was for themselves alone they cared—never for the slave, except to keep him well enough to get a certain amount of labour out of him. I never shall forget the determined bitterness with which I was repeatedly told, "*We will never consent to liberate our slaves, and have them remain as labourers with us.* If the *North* would *buy* them, and send them to Liberia, or anywhere out of the country, we should be glad." Years ago, when I was in Massachusetts, and heard Elliott Cresson propound his insinuating salvo, "Colonization," it merely struck me as being tolerably *good*, and exceedingly inefficient. As I became better instructed on the subject of Slavery, it appeared rather in the light of a pleasant hoax. Judge, then, how entirely my eyes were opened to the depravity which originated and sustains the scheme, when I found that men of the character I have just described, men whose souls had shrunk to parchment, who spoke with the tones of hardened selfishness against all the best interests of the slave, were more apt to hand me the "Colonization Herald" than those of a better stamp. The ignorant Catholic repeats in blind faith a number of aves and paternosters, or puts money into the hands of his confessor, believing in the efficacy of the same to cleanse him from sin. The slaveholder hires an editor to inform him weekly that *he cannot do right* under existing circumstances. The value of the excuse, so often made by Southerners, that they cannot liberate their slaves because they have it not in their power to send them out of the State, as the law obliges, is tested in Missouri, where no such law exists. The slaves remain slaves: the excuse—"It would not be fair to other slaveholders in the neighborhood—would make *their servants* discontented." But, to return: two of the most popular Campbellite preachers laboured in the neighbourhood where I resided; the one quite young, the other forty-five, perhaps, having a family of grown-up daughters; and I have facts to relate, concerning both these men, on the truth of which you may implicitly rely. A coloured lad, of fifteen or sixteen, was hired out in a family where the younger of these men boarded. One day this servant of the Lord declared that sixty dollars had been stolen from an unlocked box which he kept under the bed, and he avowed his conviction that the coloured lad had taken it. Whereupon a consultation was held with the master of the house, and it was decided to frighten the lad into confession. So, at midnight, the minister, the doctor, (he who kept the house,) and the school-master, (who was called in to assist,) sat in solemn conclave on the judgment-seat. They told the lad that he had stolen the money, and they were about to hang him; but that if he would confess the theft, he should not suffer. The lad protested his innocence; so they adjusted the rope, and asked what message he would leave for his mother. "Tell her," said he, "I did not take the money, and that I have gone where I shall be better treated than I have been here." They then strung him up, the doctor holding his watch in his hand to watch the seconds during which life would remain. They then let him down, barely alive, the sweat pouring off him, examined his head phrenologically, and told him he was an honest boy, but that if ever he told of that night's doings, they would flog him to death. The poor fellow was confined to his bed for six weeks after this, but no action could be taken against the parties by his owner, had this been desired, because the injured one was the only witness, and he was *black*. The parties found out afterwards, to their entire satisfaction, that the boy was innocent.

Now of the other, who is, or was last winter, a candidate for State Governor. In one family I met a bright mulatto girl, of sixteen. She was hired of this minister, who owned her sister also. Her employer had frequently remarked to me, that, if she *owned* her, no money would induce her to sell her, she was so intelligent and quick at work, and patient with the children; and I had noticed her disinterested way of getting along with them; it was not subserviency, but real goodness. Once I noticed she had a scar on her cheek, and, without dreaming that such a pleasant girl could have been flogged, I asked what had caused the scar? She answered, with a half sad, half careless air, "Oh, master ——— did it with the cow-hide." I was lying down to rest me, but these words brought me to my feet. This man I had actually shaken hands with a few days before, and he had, with his own hands, cow-hided this poor child over the head. "What had you done," I inquired, "to incur his anger?" "Oh, I do not know," she replied, in the same hopeless tone; "he beat me so often, that I cannot remember why he got angry this time; besides, *this* is n't anything,—he beat our cook till the blood squirted up on the ceiling." "What had *she* done?" "Oh, the edge of the kettle-lid melted off, and master said she could help it." How does your sister get along?" I inquired. "She was not happy; when Miss ——— [the minister's daughter] was sick, she always had a cow-hide beside her to beat her (sister), in case she should fall asleep instead of watching." This girl was marked on her back, as well as on her face, and the truth of her statements was corroborated by the fact that whenever her term of service expired, I found her frequently in tears, and full of apprehension, lest her master might conclude to have her stay at home the next six months. The relation was maintained in the same tone in which the slaves so often used to say to me, "We 're only *brutes*, you know."

You, my friend, are well aware that these instances of cruelty are most trivial, compared with what we are both acquainted with; but as both these parties came under my immediate observation, and as both the ministers stand high in their sect, I should be glad to give our brethren across the Atlantic to understand, yet more fully, "what manner of men are these" who claim their fellowship, countenance, and hospitality.

Very truly yours, G. B.

Letter from S. J. May—Meetings at Syracuse.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—Within the last fortnight, we have had a succession of meetings in this village, that have all had a bearing, more or less direct and apparent, upon the *great* question before our country and the age.

First came, on the 24th of September, our fellow-labourers, J. C. Hathaway and Frederick Douglass. I had duly announced their coming, through the newspapers and by placards, also from my pulpit the previous Sunday. The people met to hear them in our Town Hall. In the afternoon there were three hundred persons present, many of whom came from the neighbouring towns—some from a distance of twenty-five miles. In the evening, the hall, which can accommodate six hundred, was well filled. There was a very general feeling of deep disappointment that Mr. Garrison had not come. But none who were there seemed to be sorry that they had come; for the speeches of both the gentlemen were well worth hearing. Mr. Hathaway commenced with an exposition of the sentiments and purposes of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and, I must say, I never have heard a speech upon the subject, that I liked better. It was listened to with very close attention by the audience; and I saw, everywhere, the expressions of high satisfaction. But you have received, I trust, ere this, the excellent report that was made of it by Mr. Wm. H. Burr. That accomplished young man is about to take up his residence in your city; and I would here improve the opportunity to recommend him to you, and to your brother editors, as a very ready and accurate phonographic reporter.

Mr. Hathaway's speech in the evening was devoted to the question of dissolution. He quoted largely from recent Southern papers, paragraphs in which the editors or their correspondents call loudly for dissolution; and showed that this is the result to which their measures tend. Nor can it be averted by any more compromises. All that can save our Union is a speedy, distinct, and stern avowal, on the part of the Northern States, that we will not only make no more concessions to the demands of the South, but that they must make concessions,—yes, great concessions—to us, or rather to the rights of humanity; that they must take off their feet from the necks of our down-trodden brethren, and permit them to stand up as men, as freemen. Could the North be brought to take this position in good faith, so that our Southern brethren should see we were in earnest, they might be brought to their senses, and a new union with them, founded in righteousness, might be formed. This is our only hope. So long as we yield to their demands, so long will their demands increase. But if we withstand them, they may concede all we claim, which is no more than that men be treated as men. That we may bring our fellow-citizens to do right, we must do right ourselves,—withdraw all our voluntary support to those institutions of our country under which millions are crushed; give no countenance to the abominable thing; have no union with slaveholders.

I cannot say that I have given you brother Hathaway's words, so much as the train of thoughts which his words suggested. He always speaks with distinctness and force; and not unfrequently rises to a high order of eloquence. I am sorry the report of his evening speech was not published.

Brother Douglass, both afternoon and evening, dwelt more upon the connection of the Church with Slavery, than of the State. His speeches are both so fully and well reported, that I need give you no account of them. He made a deep impression upon his audience. It could not be otherwise. Some there were who winced not a little at his ridicule of the current religion of our country. But most of his audience felt that what he said was too true. It will, of course, be a very unpopular measure, but I believe it is as necessary now as it was in the days of our Saviour, to unmask hypocrites, especially those who stand in holy places. The religion of our country can never be reformed until the people are brought to see how false, how base, how cruel that is which now passes for religion.

On the 29th, was convened here the State Convention of the Liberty party. There may have been fifty delegates present, and as many more members of the party. I was in the hall but a few minutes in the forenoon, when the appropriate business of the convention was transacted. But in the afternoon and evening I was in attendance nearly the whole time. The Convention had then resolved themselves into a mass meeting, and all friends of liberty were invited freely to participate in the discussions.

The following resolution was proposed by the Business Committee:

Whereas the pro-slavery obligation of the Federal Constitution is found solely in abundant speculations on the intentions of that instrument; and whereas its Anti-Slavery obligation is palpable from its plain declarations: therefore

Resolved, That relying on these declarations, and refusing to be misled by these speculations, we hold that Slavery, whether in the District of Columbia or in any other part of the nation, is clearly and utterly unconstitutional.

Immediately on the reading of this, I was called upon to speak to it. This was very unexpected to me, but I did not decline; and a very earnest but amicable debate ensued between Gerritt Smith on the one side, and J. C. Hathaway and myself on the other, which occupied nearly the whole afternoon. As you and your readers are so well acquainted with the sentiments of each of the parties, I shall not give you the details of the discussion.

In the evening, the following resolution was submitted to the consideration of the meeting, and called out several, who spoke with not a little power in favour and against its adoption:

Whereas, the Liberty party, whether it was or was not organized for the one purpose of engag con-test with Slavery; and whether it was or was not organized with the expectation that the great political parties would very speedily espouse that contest, and leave the Liberty party to disband; is now, because the corruption of these great political parties is seen to be past all cure, and their reformation beyond all hope, to be regarded as a permanent party:—and whereas, every political party which looks upon itself to be a permanent party, is therefore bound to acquaint itself, so far as it can, with the important duties of that Government, which it aspires to control and administer:—and whereas, this is peculiarly and emphatically the duty of the Liberty party, inasmuch as from the first moment of its existence, the equal rights of all men—equal justice to all men—has been its acknowledged and boasted principle of action:

Resolved therefore, That in the light of these premises, the Liberty party should no longer delay to be studying and inculcating all the duties, which are justly called for at the hands of the Government of the United States—all the duties, which if it shall not prove false to its confessed principle of action, it will itself discharge when the Government shall come into its hands.

The leading speech, by Gerrit Smith, was one of the noblest expositions of our moral duties, in our political relations, that I ever listened to. It would have been reported, but for the absence of Mr. Burr at the Democratic Convention, which commenced its sessions the same day. I wish Mr. Smith's speech had been reported, that its generous sentiments and stirring appeals might be pressed upon our whole country. He exhibited the cruelties inflicted upon men by the monopoly of land—cruelties as great as would be by the monopoly of water, light, or air, if either of these were possible. He showed clearly how the tariff policy helped to contravene the gracious intentions of the Father of the human family; and deprecated, as a humane man should, the horrors which must ever ensue on a resort to war.

But while I assented to all he said on these topics, I was not able to see so clearly how he was about to effect much, if anything, by political party machinery, in behalf of this combination of reforms. It seems to me that such machinery will only embarrass one's efforts. Civil Government, as it now is, is so implicated with the evils and wrongs which he deplores, that an attempt to carry all these reforms at once is the same thing, in effect, as an attempt to overthrow Civil Government. I may be mistaken, but it appears to me that the doctrines of the Liberty League would lead us to a position very similar to that taken by those who are unjustly called "No Government men." I mean to give the whole subject much careful thought, and may, in due time, send you the result of my cogitations.

The Democratic State Convention continued its sessions from Wednesday morning, until two o'clock Sunday morning. The two factions of the party were nearly equally represented, and every point upon which they could divide, was contested from the beginning. It was a disgraceful scene. The last night, I have been told by several who were present, the members became very boisterous, profane, abusive, and several times seemed to be on the point of personal conflict. It was the determination of the one faction to press some resolutions in favour of the Wilmot Proviso, and of the other faction to prevent their introduction, that caused the most disturbance. See to what utter subjection the slaveholders have brought the Democracy of the North, that we may not even ask so small a boon for liberty as this, that it may not be stricken down by our Government in a region of this continent where it has been allowed to raise its head.

To-morrow the Whig State Convention will assemble in our village. If anything transpires in it, of interest to the friends of freedom, you shall soon be informed.

Last Sunday morning, I preached, as plainly and as earnestly as I was able, upon the utter want of principle in the political parties of our country, the corruption of the public press, and the decline of the sentiment of liberty and justice throughout the country. Were it not for its length, as an article in a newspaper, I believe I should send you a copy for publication.

Yours, truly, S. J. MAY.

Syracuse, October 5, 1847.

Meeting of the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society.

NEW BEDFORD, 10th-mo. 4, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND:—The Bristol County Society held its Quarterly session at Norton, on the 24th and 25th of last month. S. May, jr. Parker Pillsbury, and Loring Moody, were present as speakers. The meeting was very thinly attended, no doubt from two causes; the first, the heresy of old organized Anti-Slavery in not sustaining the baby-selling religion; the other, it being the first time any gathering of the kind has ever been called together in that town. It was thought best to adjourn the meeting on the last day, to meet here on Sunday, at the Free Meeting, (or the Comeouter's Hall, as it is called in derision by our Church lovers,) and discuss the resolutions that were offered there, and take some other action to carry along the cause. May and Pillsbury came here, and had a very lively discussion a part of the day, to a very small audience. Resolutions were offered by Pillsbury, Linton, and Ray, on the Government and Church action, which occupied the attention of the meeting. There is not the least doubt that the smallness of our meeting may be attributed to the last struggle of the Church, the EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. Every town in the States has its Colporteur Society, which acts as whippers in of the Church, and makes reports of all who attend church, and where, and who do not attend, who take their tracts, who refuse, &c. &c.; so as to endeavour by a concerted effort to bring about the Holy Inquisition, without the frying pans, on the starvation principle; to assist no one in business, who is not of the faith. They are endeavouring to Evangelize all the humanity out of the people. When E. N. Kirk came here to report himself to his constituents, he said, that the counsel came together to support Evangelism, that they had nothing to do with the moral reforms, such as *temperance* and *slavery*. "If they had taken the question of temperance into the Alliance, they should not have had a single British brother in the Alliance. If they had taken up the subject of Slavery they should not have had a single American brother." Saying in fact, that all the British were drunkards, and all the Americans slaveholders. Such are the Gospel teachers that are endeavouring to put a stop to the action of the Anti-Slavery car, by their *Colporteur* establishments. It appears to me that Catholics and Protestants have changed issue. That the Catholics are carrying forward the principles that the Protestants started with—FREEDOM! and the Protestants are endeavouring to get back to the Catholic gridiron to stop LIBERTY.

But after all, there is once in a while a little incident that comes up, to show that humanity is not entirely dead, that goodness is not entirely blunted. About three years ago there was an old man, about seventy years old, came here from Providence by the help of the Abolitionists of that place. His story was this; that he being very old and good for nothing, his master sold him to the Captain of a vessel which loaded with corn at his place, for the sum of twenty-five dollars. It was not convenient for the Captain to get him to his place at the South, so he took the old man along in his vessel to Providence. While lying there all hands but a boy left the vessel and went up to see the city. The old man told the boy he might go too, and the old man took his time and hobbled off, and with help got here. He is very decrepid. Well, a few days since, I purchased a load of wood, and the old man petitioned to saw it, it being in the street in front of my door. The old man commenced and sawed one stick; a fancy-good's merchant took hold, taking the saw out of the old man's hand and said, let's give the old man a lift. An apothecary, a dry-good's dealer, an auctioneer, a shoe dealer, two or three mechanics and other gentlemen took their turn, and the children partook of the spirit, and they helped carry it into the house; and in about an hour the old man pocketed his money and went off laughing, and saying, "Well, I never seed any wood sawed for fun afore." There was a general smile, and all felt better. R.

An application has been made to the legislature to incorporate a company to build dwellings for the poor in this city.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1847.

The Associationists and the Abolitionists.

A late number of the Harbinger copies the favourable notice we made not long since, of Mr. Shaw's translation of Briancourt's "Organization of Labour, and Association," and pronounces all that we have heretofore said upon that subject, as like the arch and playful resistance of the coy maiden whose heart is already captive. It believes us to be, at last, convinced, of the beauty and truth of association, and to have acknowledged it in the article referred to.

The Harbinger has all along misunderstood us. We have for years felt a deep interest in the Association movement. We are not blind to the other evils which rest so heavily upon the sons and daughters of men, because we have devoted ourselves mainly to the overthrow of the worst form of oppression—the aggregation of all wrong—Chattel Slavery. That cause, if we have done nothing for it, has done much for us. We were no true Abolitionist,—the great distinctive principle of Christianity, of Love to Man, which Anti-Slavery would make a daily practice, has found no true lodgment in our heart, if we have not been led by it to enlarged views of our duty to all men,—of the false relations which are everywhere existing, -and aroused within us the hope of a "good time coming;" and moved us to such labour as we are capable of—to hasten that hoped-for time. Even if we thought that the distinctive end at which Anti-Slavery aims would never be gained, still would we work for it: certain that as the truth is never spoken in vain, so good fruit, in some sort, must spring from the seed thus sown.

We have thrown, and we would throw, no obstacles in the way of Association. We are full of hope of the good it may do for humanity. The bug-bear of the name need not frighten the world from its propriety. As two and two make four, so is it evident that four hands are better than two, and eight than four, and so on in arithmetical progression, to infinity, to the production of any proposed result, provided always, that as the ratio increases we do not lose the harmony necessary to productive labour. Association, in its primal sense, proposes to produce, by combined and organized effort, that which the labour of isolated individuals, or small companies cannot produce. There is nothing startling in such a proposition. Give it another name, and no man is so foolish as not to acknowledge that it is the most efficient means in society, even now in its present condition, for the accumulation of wealth. Railroads and Canals, Mines and Manufactories, and hundreds of other schemes for public benefit, and public and private wealth, are created or conducted by associated effort. Such companies, it may be, are now organized upon false principles of distribution, but nobody will deny, that as instruments of accumulation, they are eminently successful, and that they are productive of certain benefits to society, which, were it not for them, society would have to do without. A wiser application of this principle to all the relations of human society, may render the instrumentalities now in use, and hundreds of others yet to be created, subservient to the good of the many in the distribution of their blessings, and not merely to the seeming good of the few. Out of the chaos of opposite interests, and unproductive labour, may be created by associated action and organized labour, the

"Happy Earth, reality of Heaven!"

So far, we apprehend, few will disagree with us. Few, at least, will deny the general truth we have stated, and upon which the very bulls and bears of Wall street practise in their daily knavery. But the Associationists—as such—aim to make such new applications of this principle as shall thoroughly re-organize and perfect society. Precisely how this is to be done is a matter of theory, and theories are not wanting. To "vote yourself a farm," to form a phalanx, to create a community of property, to equalize the temperaments of individuals, are not the only solutions of the problem that are offered us. These are but the means proposed for the great experiment of Association and the Organization of Labour. Granting, as a starting point, that every human being that is sent into the world has a right to live, a right to the means of living, a right to the soil, or a right to a sufficient share of its products; and a thousand questions spring up at once for settlement. What do we mean by *living?* what are the means of living? to how much soil is each man entitled? how is it to be held? how long? to whom shall it descend? how shall its products be divided? what is the just reward of labour? what is the relative value of capital? And what satisfactory answers, from experimental knowledge, can be given to such questions? They must vary in some degree according to the circumstances of different communities at different times; at least they can never be settled in all their thousand details except by actual experiment. Association may, and we trust will, give to us in fact, what it proposes and promises in theory—a social condition wherein the true relation of every man to society, and of society to all, shall be clearly understood, and the social evils under which we now suffer shall no longer exist. We believe most religiously, that a wise organization of labour—apart from any change in the isolated family relation—will do much to produce such a condition. But theory is good for nothing without experiment; experiments—to any satisfactory extent—have yet to be made. From man as he is, ignorant alike of his rights and his duties, to man as he should be, is no easy step. All honour, nevertheless, be to those men who are labouring in singleness of heart to establish such relations in the human family, that the will of God shall "be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Are we asked then why we do not devote ourselves to universal reform? Were it not a question asked so often, we should deem that it could only be put foolishly or without sincerity. But we answer—because before we can settle the r tions of man to society, we must know WHO AND WHAT IS MAN. This is the problem, which, in our day and our country, notwithstanding its boasted theory, demands a solution. Till it is solved there can be no such thing as universal reform. Here is the work of Anti-Slavery, and this, by the blessing of God, it means to accomplish.

And herein is the difference between the movement for Association and Anti-Slavery: the former is a demand for social re-organization, because the present system is one of anarchy, injustice, divided and opposite interests, and immense suffering. It is nevertheless, the natural growth of the past, and is to be superceded, if at all, by a better growth, induced by experiment. Anti-Slavery, on the other hand, is the assertion of the first right of man—the *right to himself*. Here is a right established by the immutable law of God, and acknowledged by a universal instinct in every human being. No man is deprived of himself without knowing it, feeling the wrong, and in some sort protesting against it. In being robbed of himself, he is robbed of all his rights. In being made a chattel, he is made nothing. No argument, and no theory is needed here. We assert only a self-evident truth. No sensible man—if the term, in such a connection, is not a paradox—ever defends Slavery, as in itself right upon any other ground than that the negro is not a man. In confessing him to be a man, "a suspicion would follow," says Montesquieu, "that we are not Christians."

Anti-Slavery then under-lies all other reforms, for it asserts the natural equality of all men, without regard to colour or condition. Until this principle is recognized as practically true there can be no universal reform. There can be even no partial reform—we mean no perfect social organization among a part of the community—in a nation that holds one-sixth of its people in bondage; for the evils of Slavery are not confined to the slave; they permeate the relations of every individual in the land. The first work of the reformer, then, among us, is to establish universally the *right of man to himself*. Social reform, in this country, must begin with the greatest social evil. Our mission is to work, with all our might, for the destruction of the worst form of wrong that man can inflict, or ever has inflicted, upon his brother man; and this, not only for the immediate sufferers, but for the sake of all, who in every relation of life,—civil, political, religious, and social—are more or less remotely, at once the victims, and the supporters, of the worst form of tyranny. This done, and we have a foundation whereon to build a social re-organization. Without it our efforts are partial selfish, and "fragmentary." Without it, there may indeed be something of social re-organization, but it may exclude one-sixth of the people, even from the little benefit that it brings to others; while it may be made a new and most powerful instrument in the hands of the oppressor, to load with still heavier burdens his worn and weary victim—burdens from which he may not hope to escape. As the greater includes the less, so the master who will not acknowledge the slave's right to himself, will hardly acknowledge his lesser rights. It is no extravagant supposition that Slavery and Association may exist together. Slaveholders may resort to social re-organization for their own benefit, in which their slaves shall be no more considered than their horses or cattle.

Now, then, the Harbinger may understand us. We believe in the necessity, as we hope for the success of all wise efforts for the re-organization of society. But we neither hope nor believe according to Fourier, nor according to Owen, nor according to any other man who has elaborated a theory which he believes will be a cure-all for human ill. But our faith is, that, as the world grows older, it will recognize its own social diseases, and discover the remedy. It will test the theories that are offered it, and hold fast to that which is good. Where the necessity is the greatest, we shall see the earliest movement. And, accordingly, at this moment the science of Association and the Organization of Labour is much farther advanced in England and France than on this side of the Atlantic. Here, where population is sparse, land plenty and cheap, and labour dear, the same necessity does not exist. The mass of the people can take care of themselves as they are, and attention is turned to Association rather as a preventive of evil to come, than evil existing; though we by no means mean to assert that society is not suffering under a heavy weight of social wrong. But, in the meantime, there are one-sixth of our people who are deprived of all the rights that belong to man, and, first of all, of the right to themselves. Those who cannot even work for their own redemption appeal to us to work for them. To bear the burdens of these weak ones is the first commandment to us.

Nor do we mean that there should be no other reform than that of Anti-Slavery. Let all others proceed *pari passu* with this; but they cannot outstrip it. They cannot be true, if they attempt it. We hold it a duty to expose, as hollow and rotten, any pretended reform that forgets the slave. The movement that aims to elevate man in the social scale, but neglects a portion of the race because of its colour or condition, is a pretence and a sham, however high its pretensions. It is false in its very inception. It belies, in the very outset, the language in which it clothes its motive. Till it does more or professes less, we are at issue with it. If it does all that we aim at, and more beside, we give it our co-operation. If it professes less, we will take it for what it is worth, and give it a hearty God-speed, if it commends itself as good for anything. Above all, if it throws itself in the path of Anti-Slavery, as an obstacle to its progress, it deserves the execration, as it will meet with the opposition, of all true and good men.

We have written already at greater length than we intended. At another time, perhaps, we may show the attitude assumed by some of the Associationists towards the Anti-Slavery movement.

Whig State Convention.

The Whig State Convention, which assembled at Syracuse on Wednesday of last week, made the following nominations:

For Controller—Millard Fillmore, of Erie county.
For Lieutenant Governor—Hamilton Fish, New-York.
For Secretary of State—Christopher Morgan, Cayuga.
For Attorney General—Ambrose L. Jordan, New-York.
For Treasurer—Alvah Hunt, Chenango.
For State Engineer—Charles B. Stuart, Monroe.
For Canal Commissioners—Jacob Hinds, of Orleans; Nelson J. Beach, Lewis; Charles Cook, Chemung.
For Inspectors of State Prison—David D. Spencer, of Tompkins; Isaac N. Comstock, Albany; John B. Gedney, Westchester.

The following resolution, on the annexation of slave territory, was passed. It is the same in substance as that laid on the table by the Democratic Convention, where it was left, and found, so says the report, by some member of the Whig Convention. Such a circumstance could hardly fail to ensure its passage by the Whigs:

Resolved, That while the Whig freemen of New-York, represented in this Convention, will faithfully adhere to all the compromises of the Constitution, and jealously maintain all the reserved rights of the States, they declare, since the crisis has arrived when the question must be met, their uncompromising hostility to the extension of Slavery into any territory now free which may be hereafter acquired by any action of the Government of our Union.

A resolution offered by Mr. Greeley was rejected in committee, and read by him in the Convention. No motion was made upon it, and, in accordance with the precedent made by the other party, it was laid on the table; a proof of what the Whigs of New-York do *not* think. It is as follows:

Resolved, That offensive war is contrary to the plain dictates of our religion and the genius of our free institutions; that territory acquired by arms must naturally by arms be retained; and that, the only material question on which our Government and Mexico are still at issue being whether more or less of the territory wrested from the latter by our victorious troops shall be ceded to and retained by us at the restoration of peace, we do most earnestly call upon our rulers to put an immediate stop to the unchristian and revolting carnage of which our neighbouring republic is now the arena, and our countrymen in part the victims.

It is an easy thing for the Whigs to say they are opposed to the extension of Slavery, inasmuch as such a declaration calls for no immediate action; but it is quite another thing for them to call upon "our rulers"—meaning, of course, Congress, as well as the President—to put an immediate stop to the war, as a duty would then devolve upon the Whig Representatives of this State in Congress, which it is not to be expected they would fulfill in the present position of the party. The Whigs of this State, like the Whigs of Massachusetts, have said all they dare, to satisfy the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North, while they carefully refrain from saying anything which shall involve the necessity of any immediate action. And who is disappointed? We presume, nobody.

The Convention also passed an address to the Whigs of the State, which, we understand, was written by Mr. Brooks, of the New-York Express. He is reported, in the Tribune, to have "humorously remarked," when called upon for a speech, "that he had put about all he knew into the address." Those who read it will fully appreciate the humour of Mr. Brooks, though they may be somewhat surprised at his candour. It is certainly very funny that a grown man should know so little,—we, by no means, mean to impeach his veracity,—and still funnier that he should not know just enough more not to make the acknowledgment. The funniest of all is, that a grave body of men, among whom there must certainly have been some who may be supposed to be not entirely destitute of common sense, should unanimously adopt such an address as their own. Pro-slavery opinions are not really the worse because they are conveyed in a style ridiculous for its inflated bombast and want of good grammar; nor is Anti-Slavery any the more true when conveyed in language unexceptionable for its elegance; but if we may not expect to find in a dignified public document, the most severe morality, we at least look for a style something above the standard for which schoolboys are whipped for following.

We give a specimen in the opening paragraph:

FELLOW-CITIZENS—Hitherto, when we have assembled in Convention, there were well-known and well-recognized bounds for our country; but now that the spirit of conquest has been let loose, who can tell where is his country, whether on the Rio Grande, the Sierra Madre, the Rio Gila or the Gulf of California, or whether part Spanish, much Indian, and some negro, Santa Fean or Californian, may not be as good an American citizen as himself?

We presume, by "our country," Mr. Brooks means its southern border—the only part, indeed, that politicians of a certain class think of any consequence. As to the other question, it may be quite beneath an Anglo-Saxon to say so, but we verily believe that a very small part of either Spaniard, Indian, or negro is needed to the making up of quite as good *men*,—to say nothing of citizens,—as many of those who come under that general term in this republic. The address proceeds:

Our flag is borne, with fixed bayonets to surround it, and unmuzzled grape-shot to clear its way, in the conquering footsteps of Cortez—from the torrid sands of Vera Cruz—by the base of the snowy peaks of Popocatepel, to the eternal city of the Aztecs:—and Mexicans of every colour, and every breed, sprung from commingling Moor and straight-haired African, as well as from Castile and Leon, are made American citizens, or prepared for being made so, by the gentle logic of red-mouthed artillery, thundering from the bristling heights of Cerro Gordo to the bloody plains of Contreras and Churubusco.—Wherever that flag is, with its stars and stripes, the emblem of our nationality, there our hearts are; but wo! wo! to the men, we cry, who have dispatched it upon its mission of conquest, and what is yet worse, the conversion of a free into a slaveholding territory.

Ridiculous as this bombast is, we could neither laugh at nor object to it, if we had any faith in its sincerity. But it, and all that follows it, in the same style, is the absurdest cant, when we know—as we do from the close of the address itself—that it is nothing but "talking to Bunkum," to catch Whig votes. The Mexican war is the consequence of the annexation of Texas, and its object is "the conquest of a market for slaves." We thank the Convention for that admission. But what bare-faced hypocrisy is it, to profess indignation for these national crimes, when we are told in the same breath that it is our duty to "rally by and defend our flag, on whatever soil or whatever sea it is unfurled"! We should have some faith in the demand, that "the curse of Slavery" shall "never blight the virgin soil of the North Pacific," and we would not even stop to quarrel with the absurd assertion that the curse "was inflicted upon us by the mother-country, in spite of our fathers' remonstrance," were we not assured, at the same time, that nowhere "are the fell and mischievous results of abolitionism more contemned than in New-York." We should believe that the Whigs really mean something, when they say "that it would be a horrible mockery for the columns of Anglo-Saxon immigration to be approaching and looking down upon the dark, benighted region of *Asiatic despotism*, with Africans enslaved under the banners that lead their march, as 'westward the star of empire takes its way,'"—though we are somewhat at a loss to divine what Asiatic despotism it is that those columns propose to approach and look down upon,—were we not reminded, in the next sentence, of the Africans enslaved under "the compromises of the Constitution," upon which these Whigs declare they "*have no desire* to infringe."

Upon the One-Man Power, "in his marble halls at Washington," the address is—after its fashion—particularly strong. But we fancy the One-Man Power will laugh in his sleeve at the indignation of the Whigs of New-York, so long as they avow their readiness to give him "the means of realizing his vain and ambitious dreams," by promising to rally by and defend our flag till it can "*in honour* be brought home," and acknowledging that any other course is to abandon and sacrifice their "brethren" rioting "in the eternal city of the Aztecs." Mr. Polk wants no better "aid and comfort" than that the Anti-War and Anti-Slavery party—as it styles itself—should forget that the extension of Slavery can be prohibited, and the war terminated, by recalling at once his invading army; and he can forgive something of the Bombastes Furioso vein to men who acknowledge that national honour consists in persisting in national wrong.

Nevertheless, we are encouraged by this address. The cause of the Whigs in this State must be desperate indeed, if they hope long to befool the people by such appeals to them; and the leaders must be conscious of their weakness, when they avoid the responsibility of writing their most important documents, and thrust it upon those who have neither the intelligence to understand the difficulty of the duty that devolves upon them, nor the modesty to decline assuming it.

Colorphobia.

An English Baronet who is travelling for his health, accompanied by a trusty servant, a few weeks since landed in New-York. As he is often compelled, on account of a paralytic affection, to lean upon his servant's arm, and call upon him for assistance, he never goes into the street unless accompanied by him. His servant is a very intelligent coloured man, who has lived in the Baronet's family from his childhood, and is in every respect a person of good behaviour, who perfectly well understands his position, and is an excellent servant, and at the same time a confidential friend. A few days after his arrival here, the Baronet one day walked up Broadway a long distance, and being too tired to return on foot, stopped an omnibus and was going to get in with by his servant, when he was prevented by the driver, who would not allow him to ride accompanied by his coloured man. So he had to trudge down Broadway as he best could, until he came to a stand for cabs.

The next day he mounted the steps of Barnum's museum with the design of inspecting the curiosities of that establishment, and here again he was refused admission unless he left his servant at the door. As he could not, of course he had to turn back.

If the Englishman should happen to be one of the writing species, it is quite probable that he will be a subject of universal abuse on this side of the Atlantic, for entertaining a preference for English liberty to American Independence. There is not another country in the world where he would have been refused admission into a public conveyance on account of the complexion of his servant.—n.

☞ "When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, 'You never sate on so glorious a seat.' Charles II. to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russell to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. 'But,' to use the simple narrative of his biographer, 'the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side.'"—*Emerson.*

We are vividly reminded of the above touching incidents by the brief account, received by recent arrivals, of the execution of two Poles in a Polish city. They were condemned to suffer death for high treason. On the day of the infliction of the sentence, the populace thronged the streets, and with uncovered heads, as in the presence of majesty, followed the condemned to the place of execution, while at every step flowers were showered upon them, and they were attended to their death as to a bridal or to a throne. No police and military array could overawe the people. Their hearts spanned all the way to the scaffold as with a triumphal arch; and we may

spirit will appear there yet, emerging from some despised Nazareth. The floating and discordant material of the nation, when such an ordeal comes, will gather round him as a centre, and crystallize itself into adamant, against which the sword of the aggressor shall be broken in two. With us will remain all the guilt and shame of aggression without its success. Good will accrue to Mexico. If any one is so absurd as to find in this probable result an excuse and a justification for the conduct of this country in its treatment of our unhappy neighbour, we will tell him how soon the justification will prove available,—when the executioners of Jesus receive credit for man's salvation, and then and not a moment before.—W. H. F.

THE TRIENNIAL CONVENTION of the Episcopal Church has been in session, in this city, for some days past. Its members have had some talk about the reverend Father in God, the deposed Bishop of this diocese, whose habit of "laying on of hands," at times and places not prescribed by the canons, has bred some scandal in the Church; and have discussed various other matters of no manner of consequence or interest to anybody but themselves.

We confess to a somewhat uncomfortable feeling, when the usual evangelical Equinoctials scatter their flakes of white cravats over Broadway, and one cannot stir abroad without facing the storm. The superciliousness and self-sufficiency which is written all over the reverend clergy of most of the orthodox denominations, have not a tendency to soothe our impatience, when we remember the position they maintain towards Anti-Slavery and all other reforms, out of the Church, and the influence which they hold over the minds of the people. We rather instinctively avoid the contact of even the gentle street-encounter, and, almost without being conscious of it, step into the gutter, rather than ruffle our own temper and the smooth nap of the black coats of these gentlemen; for they exercise a sort of magnetic influence over us, and arouse in us, towards themselves, something of that unchristian but habitual contempt on their part towards all the rest of God's creatures. Their "lean and hungry look," the sharp lines of the face, which the study of a merciless theology has left them; the thin lips, which a smile can never wreath, but only make the more ghastly; and the cold eye, which never beams, mark them as the legitimate descendants of the priesthood of the past, modified rather than changed in spirit, who chained their brethren to the stake, or tore them to pieces with red-hot pincers, all to the glory of God and his Christ.

But we confess, though perhaps we can hardly explain the difference, that we are not moved to such thoughts and feelings when the Episcopal clergy fleck the many-coloured throng of the streets with their immaculate neck-cloths—proofs of the perfection to which clerical clear-starching is carried. Here are handsome and jolly-looking gentlemen. They seem genial and companionable. Their faces are round and rosy, and beam with good humour, and, on close inspection, would show, doubtless, those little clear red veins, just beneath the skin, which good beef and mutton, and generous wine, tattoo on the human face divine. They are good Friar Tucks, every one of them. They love the creature-comforts for their own sake, and never sneak to their feeding as if breaking the ten commandments. A grace before meat, with them, means something. While they thank God for his goodness, in the abstract, they by no means forget that there are tangible good things before them, in the concrete, for which they especially praise Him. We rather affect a vegetable diet, and are as strict a teetotaller as if we had taken the pledge from Father Mathew's own saintly hands; but the sight of these comfortable, well-fed gentlemen brings an involuntary smile of good fellowship to our lips. Whether it is the tickling of some carnal memories of the past, or because we hold, with some good Bishop of the Church of England, that a good temper is nine-tenths of a Christian life, we can not help, for the life of us, being drawn towards these sleek sons of the Church, who "drink sack and live cleanly." We never knew but one of these men personally, and he was a very *low* Churchman, and not at all a good type of his class; for we are sure, as far as we can judge from the Triennial Convention, that one could not fail to find them as "jolly" as Mark Tapley, though not, perhaps, with the same philosophy, and with a religion like Dr. Johnson's "nothing to speak of."

Of course, we shall not be understood as referring here to the Christian character of the Episcopal clergy. Very little need be said of that at any time. Their church is the church of the rich, and has nothing to say, as a general thing, to the poor, black or white. Peter or Paul would not be permitted to take a seat at this Triennial Convention, and none of the fishermen of Gallilee, were they here, would be tolerated for a moment in the pleasant and sociable levée which is held on the first day of every week in Grace Church. Nor would even the Master himself, in his unseamed garment, be allowed to enter the pulpit of any of their churches. We presume they do not pretend to anything more, in their religion, than a pleasant way of passing Sunday, and any strictures upon this is not strictly "on the platform" in our Anti-Slavery paper. Perhaps we ought to beg pardon for saying anything; but one could hardly say less, in noticing the Convention, than that the members about the streets are remarkably pleasant and nice-looking, fat, old gentlemen, and handsome young ones.

To Correspondents.

L. E. P. Good! hit us back again, my friend. We will give in if we are wrong—will you?

G. B. S. B. F. is not on our books. S. F.'s subscription, which is perhaps the same thing, does not expire for three months.

A. O. G. Will find a package at 21, Cornhill.

E. D. H. Is L. in earnest about a change of name? S. S. F. He shall hear from us in full on the subject of his letter on his return.

S. J. M. The report he refers to has never reached us. We have sent him by mail the document he asked for.

"Lo! what an entertaining sight,
Are brethren that agree!"

The Albany Patriot heads one of its departments, "Tower of Babel." We would suggest that the title might be appropriately placed at the head of the paper, as a substitute for its present name—for never was there greater "confusion of tongues," than is found in its "nineteen principles." Besides, its structure is destined to be overthrown as utterly as the fabric erected on the plains of Shinar, by the ancient despisers of the "One Idea."—*Charter Oak.*

Where, among the "nineteen principles" lieth the "confusion of tongues?" What two are in conflict? "Our fabric" may be overthrown, perhaps; if it is not built of sterner stuff than canting, soulless "One Idea-ism," the sooner it goes the better. Same to *yours*.—*Albany Patriot.*

☞ The letter of our correspondent G. B. at Columbus, O. cannot fail to attract the attention of our readers It possesses especial interest for our friends in Edinburgh, and Glasgow, who will find it additional evidence of the justice of the reception they gave to the Rev. Alexander Campbell.

SUFFRAGE TO COLOURED PEOPLE.—The sovereign white people of Connecticut have decided, at the ballot-box, not to extend the right of Suffrage to their coloured fellow citizens.

THE WILMOT PROVISO.—We mean to watch closely the action of the political parties in relation to the Wilmot Proviso, though one need not be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, to predict truly what will be the ultimate fate of that provision. Here is the resolution of the Massachusetts Locofocos, which we omitted to publish at the proper time. It was offered by Amasa Walker, at the Convention at Worcester, and laid on the table on the motion of a son of Judge Woodbury:

Resolved, That the principles of a sound Democracy demand of the Democratic party a firm and unwavering opposition to the extension of Slavery in any territory hereafter acquired by the United States.

The Convention also passed resolutions justifying the Mexican War, and approving of the course of Mr. Polk's administration.

☞ Wrangeling says that the Rev. Joshua Leavitt preached at the Tabernacle on the 3d inst. on the duty of supplying the slaves with the Bible.

Letter from Frederick Wright, No. VI.

Meeting in Albany.—Pro-Slavery character of the People.—Accounts for.—The Press.—Treatment of the Coloured People.—Effect of Law and Theology.—Julius R. Alger.—Rev. Mr. Warren.—Isaac T. Hopper.—Meeting in Poughkeepsie.—Convention at Troy.

ALBANY, 4th October, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have just completed a course of four lectures in this city—and on the score of order and respectability, I have never seen my audience excelled. One of the most encouraging and gratifying circumstances connected with the meetings relates to the place in which they were held. The State street Baptist Church, a large and commodious building, was readily and gratuitously thrown open to our use, and everything done by the officers of the church, from the minister down, to make the meetings beneficial to our sacred cause. This treatment, in such a place, may very properly be regarded as a hopeful sign of the times.

Like most other metropolitan towns and cities, Albany is by no means remarkable for either the depth or intensity of its interest in reform. No great cause was ever much indebted to Albany for assistance. Many reasons might be given, accounting for the tardiness of its people in matters of reform in general, and Anti-Slavery reform in particular. I believe that many of its wealthiest and most influential families have either been slaveholders, or are connected with slaveholders by family ties, and it is not too much to presume that they have not been entirely purified and cleansed of the old leaven. Their influence is yet visible on the face of this community.

"The evil that men do lives after them." Thirty years ago, and slaves were held, bought and sold, in this same goodly city; and in the darkness of midnight, the panting fugitive, running from the steeples and domes, swam the cold wafers of the Hudson, and sought a refuge from Albany man-hunters, in the old Bay State. The beautiful Hudson was then to the slaves of this State, what the Ohio is to slaves in Virginia and Kentucky. The foul upas has been cut down for nearly thirty years, and yet its roots of poison and bitterness may be felt in the moral soil of this community, obstructing the plough of reform, and disheartening the humble labourer. Many efforts have been made to awaken the sympathies, quicken the moral sense, and rouse the energies of this community in the Anti-Slavery cause—but to very little purpose. Many of the best and ablest advocates of the slave, including George Thompson, of London, have wrought here, but *apparently* in vain. So hard and so dead are its community considered to be, our lecturers pass through it from year to year without dreaming of the utility of holding a meeting in it; all are disposed to think Slavery may be abolished in the United States without the aid of Albany. Like Webster, of New Hampshire, they think this a good place to emigrate from.

Situated on the banks of the noble Hudson, near the head of navigation, Albany is the grand junction of eastern and western travel. Its people have a restless, unstable, and irresponsible appearance, altogether unfavourable to reform. A flood of immorality and disgusting brutality is poured into the city through the great Erie Canal, and the very cheap travel on the Hudson facilitates the egress of a swarm of loafers and rum-suckers from New York. I have received more of insult, and encountered more of low blackguardism in the streets of this city in one day than I should meet with in Boston during a whole month.

The general character of a community may be ascertained by the tone and spirit of its press. A virtuous community will not support a vicious press. Albany is not without respectable newspapers, some of them are justly to be regarded among the best in this country; and yet I undertake to affirm that there is not to be found in the whole North, a city of equal population supporting half the vile trash in prints and newspapers, pandering to the mean and general prejudice against persons of colour. We are almost without the protection of Law or Gospel here, and we are constantly made the object of attack by the dastardly conductors of these villainous papers.

Mean and corrupt as those conductors are, one would think the honour even of a blackguard and a bully, would forbid his selecting persons so helpless as ourselves. His ambition is low indeed, who is satisfied by trampling upon those who are already weak and defenceless. There is something that commands the respect if not the admiration in two equals arrayed against each other—but to see a big-fisted wretch smiting a sick and emaciated man, is a sight so cruel and disgusting that I wonder that the dastard himself is not ashamed of his cowardice. The coloured people are defenceless. They are outlawed from political rights and social respectability. In these circumstances is it generous? is it fair? is it witty?—or bold to make them the special objects of newspaper attack? Magnanimous Albanians judge! In this city, the religious and irreligious, the rude and the refined, are equally opposed to our holy cause. Diverse in all things else, they are agreed in this. The rude and irreligious base their opposition on their hatred of the negroes. The refined and religious talk learnedly and piously of time-honoured and time-hallowed institutions. This is the head-quarters of New York law and politics, and the community are accustomed to give importance to political precedents rather than to moral principle. And to make the sage inquiry, as to what saith the Law, rather than what saith the Lord. I know not how it is, nor will I attempt to explain—but it does seem that State-houses, Law Schools, and Theological Seminaries, are all unfavourable to a healthy development of the moral sentiment, and of the spirit of progress, in the community where they may exist. Like huge trees that cumber the ground, they seem to extract so much strength from the soil, that more useful though less powerful plants may not grow in their vicinity. Under the dark shadow of the State-house, reform withers, droops, and dies. Its cold stone walls and mouldy parchments are too stiff and gloomy for the warm heart and elastic spirit of philanthropic reform. Deliver me from cities; a country audience forever, before whom to advocate the cause of liberty and humanity. And yet it must be confessed that some of the noblest of mankind, and the most determined and fearless reformers are to be found in cities; and in this, Albany is not altogether unlike many others.

There is a man in this city whose voice is seldom heard or his person seen in the street, who lives unobserved by the community, who never attends a public meeting or makes any public demonstration; but whose heart, hand, and home, is ever ready to cheer on the advocates of every righteous cause. He is the only man with whom I have ever met in this country who seems familiar with the benevolent works of what in England is known as the Animals' Friend's Society. To this man the cause of the slave is indebted more than to any other in this place. It is needless to mention his name—among so few he will easily be selected.

On one evening during the meetings I had the assistance of that venerable patriarch in the cause of liberty and humanity, Isaac T. Hopper. His presence, in plain dress, with hat on, made some sensation in the audience. He opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks, which were very well received. He expressed his great gratification at meeting with persons of different religious persuasions, and political opinions, on the Anti Slavery platform;—gave some interesting anecdotes from his almost inexhaustible fund of such illustrations, and exhorted the coloured persons in the audience to civility and Christian forbearance, under the embarrassments and hardships which it is their present lot to endure. He administered a short, but pointed, rebuke to the Society of Friends, for their cold indifference to the cause of the slave, and gave us a word of encouragement to persevere in our noble work, by alluding to the progress the cause has already made. Long may the good man live. Long will his good deeds be remembered, especially by the hundreds whom he has been instrumental in delivering out of the hand of the spoiler.

I am glad to inform you that there is one minister in this city whose influence will I am sure do much to advance our righteous cause in this place. It is Mr. Warren, of the church in which I lectured, who, though not agreeing with me on several points connected with this question, was nevertheless highly pleased to allow me a fair hearing before his congregation, and to do everything he could to make my meetings here successful. All our meetings were well attended. Many of the members of the Legislature were present, and many of them probably heard an Anti-Slavery lecture for the first time.

Since my lectures here I have held a meeting in Poughkeepsie. Here I was welcomed by that friend of universal liberty, *Charles Vanloon*, who, you will remember, a few weeks ago was called to account by the junior editor of the Albany Patriot for being found in company with "vipers," such as Remond, Hathaway, and myself. Though sternly reproved and faithfully admonished he does not seem to have repented of his sin, if sin there was in being found in our company. He is one of the few noble spirits whose energies are not to be bound or his sympathies narrowed down to the narrow limits of a sect, either in religion or politics. My meeting in Poughkeepsie was held in the Congregational Church. It was crowded to overflowing, and I have no doubt that a good impression was made upon the audience.

I have also been attending the coloured National Convention which was just closed its sittings in Troy. It continued four days. I may give you some account of it next week. Yours, F. D.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* A Chant for the Harvest Home of 1847; *Miscellany:* Memoir of Henry Clarke Wright (continued); Capital Punishment in England; Extract from "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger;" Mrs. Bancroft in London; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Peculiar Institution:* Female Prisoners. *Pro-slavery:* More Tom Foolery; The American Sunday School Union is an Abolition Society; Philanthropy and Fanaticism; Forbearance has ceased to be a Virtue. *Selections:* Letter from the Rev. John G. Fee; Extract from Douglass's Speech at Herkimer, Little Falls; A Baptist Preacher; Speech of Mr. Sumner, at the Whig Convention, Springfield, Mass.; Dallas on Slavery; New Hampshire.

SECOND PAGE.—An Infamous Outrage. *Communications:* The Campbellites; Letter from S. J. May—Meeting at Syracuse; Meeting of the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society.

Married,

In Boston, September 30th, Rev. T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, of Newburyport, to Miss MARY E. daughter of Dr. Walter Channing.

In this city, 27th instant, by Rev. Alexander Leonard, SEBASTIN LEHMANN, of Boston, to CORNELIA, daughter of the late Joseph L. Hoyt, of N. Y.

In Boston, in Trinity Church, by Rev. Thos. M. Clark, Mr. ROBERT LAY, of Geneva, N. Y. to Miss NANCY B. PERRY, of Bristol, R. I.

In Plymouth, Mass. October 6, WILLIAM G. RUSSELL, Esq. of Boston, to MARY ELLEN, daughter of Thomas Hedge, Esq. of P.

In Providence, September 28, JAMES F. D. WOLF, of Wood Lawn, Bristol, to ELLEN MARIA, eldest daughter of Charles H. Dabney, of P.

Died,

In Boston, 9th instant, Hon. ARTIMAS WARD, late Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, aged 84 years.

On Seventh-day evening, the 2d instant, at his late residence in Germantown, SAMUEL JOHNSON, in the 70th year of his age.

In West Roxbury, Sept. 30th, Mrs. ANN GORDON COWING, wife of Cornelius Cowing, aged 51, an unwearied and faithful friend to the slave.

On the 25th ultimo, at Blairstown, N.J. at the residence of her son-in-law, the Rev. J. A. Riley, AMY H. CARROLL, wife of Joseph F. Carroll, of Pott-Carbon, (Pa.) and daughter of the late Daniel Hawkhurst, of this city.

At Williamsport, (Pa.) on the 22d ultimo, the Rev. JAMES KAY, of Northumberland, Pa.

At Poughkeepsie, on Seventh-day, 9th instant, GEORGE F. WHITE, of this city, aged 58 years.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Proclamation by John Young, Governor of the State of New-York.—A day of public thanksgiving is due to Almighty God, for blessings bestowed upon the people of this State during the past year.

While a sanguinary war has been raging upon our national frontier—while the principal city of a sister State has been scourged with a pestilence that walketh at noon-day, and while gaunt famine and disease afflict the fairest portion of the mother-country, the State of New-York presents a gladsome picture of universal happiness and prosperity. Seed time and harvest have been continued to the husbandman—the labourer and the artisan have not sought in vain for employment—the ships of the merchant have traded in peace with the nations of the earth, and plenty has crowned the efforts of all classes of society.

The blessings of free Government—the means of universal education—the security of person and property, and the supremacy of law and order, have been vouchsafed to us in an eminent degree.

For all these, and for other good gifts, we are indebted to that Providence whose bounty and protection are conferred upon all without regard to country or condition.

I, therefore, respectfully recommend to the people of this State, to observe the 25th day of November next, as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING; to abstain on that day from their usual avocations, and mingle, with their thanksgivings, prayers to Heaven for the continuance of its smiles, and for its protection against famine, disease, and crime.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the Privy Seal of the State to be hereunto affixed. Witness my hand, [L.S.] at the city of Albany, this eighth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven. JOHN YOUNG.

By the Governor,
HENRY V. COLT, Private Secretary.

The Epidemic.—We write at the close of another week with somewhat lighter spirits in regard to the epidemic, for though it still prevails to an alarming extent, its ravages have been very much diminished within the past ten days. The report of yesterday is the most favourable we have had to make in many weeks. The total number of interments in the city for one week from Saturday morning, the 11th inst. has been 249, of which 161 have been of Yellow Fever. The corresponding figures for the preceding week were 543 and 402. Even making allowance for the missing return of two cemeteries for twenty-four hours, this shows a vast diminution of the mortality both by yellow fever and other diseases.

In the early part of the week the weather was unusually cool—quite like the autumn weather of the North, but within two days it has moderated, and at the moment of writing it is quite mild and summer-like. We are assured that within the last day or two the number of cases of fever in private practice has decidely increased. The type of the fever is also more distinctly marked than during the earlier portion of the epidemic; at the same time it is generally more manageable. If absent unacclimated friends and those who design coming to New Orleans during the fall and winter, can be induced to keep away till we have had a sharp frost, we can hope to pass the few intervening weeks in comparative exemption from the horrors of pestilence; but if, as is usually the case, they will crowd into the city unseasonably, the month of October may yet be the most fatal of the year. At present everything indicates that it can only be rendered so by the folly of those who would become the certain victims.—*N. O. Pic.*

The New Orleans papers announce the death, in that city, on the tenth inst. of Hon. RICHARD H. WILDE.

Trial of Mrs. Cady.—The trial of Mrs. Cady was brought to a close on Wednesday last. The Jury did agree upon a verdict. On Wednesday afternoon young Cady and Foote were brought into Court to receive their sentence, the former to be hung on the 23d day of November next, and the latter to confinement in the State Prison during life.—*Chenango Telegraph.*

Thanksgiving.—The 25th of November has been fixed upon by Governor Briggs to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise in Massachusetts.

Leigh Hunt, the poet, was the son of American parents, though born in England. His mother was a sister of the celebrated painter, Benjamin West.

Case of Mr. Hotchkiss.—Edwin Bailey and Joseph Buchanan were convicted on Saturday, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, of assault with intent to kill Mr. Hotchkiss, of South Brooklyn. Bailey had before been convicted of assault with intent to rob Mr. Bennett, the ferry-master of Williamsburgh. They were sentenced to the State Prison for life, and left for Sing Sing on Saturday morning.

Mr. Hotchkiss was in Court but entirely unconscious of all that was passing. It is feared that his reason is irrecoverably gone.

Mrs. Neal.—The widow of the late Joseph C. Neal is, in future, to be the editress of the Philadelphia *Saturday Gazette.*

Douglas Jerrold's eldest son, William Blanchard Jerrold, was lately married to the daughter of the late Laman Blanchard.

Highly Important.—The "Act to repeal the Duties imposed upon articles imported into the Province, under the Act of the Imperial Parliament, entitled "*An Act to regulate the Trade of the British Possessions abroad,*" passed by our Provincial Legislature at its last session, with a suspending clause, received the Royal assent on the 13th of August last, and will come into operation on the first of April next. The House of Assembly, therefore, in passing the Revenue Bill next Winter, will have to revise the whole Provincial tariff, as no duties will in future be collected at the Custom House, but will be paid by the importers at once to the Province Treasurer or his Deputies. The arrangement will greatly facilitate the entrance of goods, and save the large outlays now expended in supporting the Custom House establishment, which will either be greatly reduced or entirely abolished.—*St. John (N.B) Courier.*

Five Thousand Dollars for a Man's Head!—A very handsome sum, you will say. Yes, and a very fine head it was, for which that sum was offered, a few years ago, by His Excellency Tony Lumpkin, (we think it was,) Governor of the State of Georgia.

It was the head of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, which can be seen at Washington Hall on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

We consider Garrison's head of more real value to the world than the heads of all the slaveholders on this planet—and their heels to boot.—*Herkimer Freeman.*

Lucretia Mott.—It will be seen by a letter from a correspondent in the Southern part of the State, that this preacher of practical righteousness was unable to gain admittance into any meeting house in Mt. Pleasant. Even the coloured people shut her out, fearing that she might speak against Slavery, and thus interfere with the begging operation by which they expected to raise money to pay for their house. We are sorry they felt compelled to do as their masters would have them; but in this they resemble the white slaves of sect and priest, and by their pro-slavery position and subserviency to the slave power give undoubted evidence of their close relationship to those whose example they follow.

Mt. Pleasant, if we mistake not, is a very religious place, and no doubt a very pleasant one to the venerable Father Cloots, whom its inhabitants so dearly love.—*Bugle.*

We understand that the Postmaster-General has just received a letter from Maj. Hobbie. He was at Frankfort-on-the-Main, will proceed to Bremen, and will return to London by way of Paris, and leave for home early in October. He has not yet perfected his mail arrangements with England, France and Germany; but has every reasonable prospect of being able to make a satisfactory and advantageous arrangement with these countries. We cannot yet say what these arrangements will be.—*Union.*

THE "LIBERTY" PARTY PAPERS.—We are informed that the Rev. Hiram Cummings, at a Convention held in Dedham lately, stated that he had taken pains to ascertain the circulation of Third Party papers of all kinds, (with the exception of the Era,) in Massachusetts, including two or three which have lately given up the ghost, and that the whole did not exceed EIGHTEEN HUNDRED!—*Liberator.*

Abduction of Slaves.—A man named James L. Andrews was tried in Berrvville (Va.) on Monday last, for enticing slaves away from their owners. The evidence was pretty positive, and he was remanded to the Clarke County Jail to await trial before the Superior Court.—For months past the people in Clarke have been alive with excitement on account of the large number of slaves that were constantly running away, and great vigilance has been exercised in order to discover the source of their trouble and vexation. Suspicion was fixed upon Andrew, and his movements closely watched.

[*Virginia Free Press.*

NOTICES.

LIVINGSTON AND ALLEGHANY COUNTIES.

Joseph C. Holley, a coloured man from Brooklyn, Long Island, late of the District of Columbia, and G. B. Stebbins, of Rochester, N.Y. will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows, viz:

Alfred Post office,	"	12 and 13
Friendship,	"	14 and 15
Hume,	"	16 and 17
Wetherfield Springs, Wyoming county, Oct.		18 and 19
Hermitage,	"	20 and 21
Gainesville,	"	22 and 23
Castile,	"	24 and 25
Perry Centre,	"	26 and 27
Warsaw,	"	28 and 29
Attica Centre,	"	30 and 31
West Middlebury,	"	November 1 and 2
Wyoming,	"	3 and 4
Covington Centre,	"	5 and 6

The above meetings will commence at two and seven o'clock, P. M. of each day.

Will friends in each place see that arrangements are made, and extended notice given? Let the people come and hear their appeals for the slave, and the country groaning under the yoke of a slaveholding oligarchy.

J. C. Holley can tell a stirring story of abuse and persecution, by which he was forced to flee from the national domain, and the care of the nation's lawmakers in the District of Columbia.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of American Society for New-York.

NTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN NEW-YORK.

Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave from Kentucky, and E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts, agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold meetings at the following towns and villages, in Saratoga, Fulton, Herkimer and Oneida counties, as follow:

Lee, Monday, October 18th, Evening.		
SARATOGA COUNTY.		
Quaker Springs,	Wednesday, Oct. 20th,	evening.
do.	Thursday,	21st, at 2 and 6, P. M.
Galway,	Friday,	22d, at 6, P. M.
FULTON COUNTY.		
Fondas Bush, Saturday and Sunday, 23 & 24, at 2 & 6 p m.		
Mayfield, Monday, 25th, at 2 and 6, P. M.		
Gloversville, Tuesday, 26th, at 2 and 6, P. M.		
Nicholsville, Wednesday, 27th, at 6 P. M.		
do.	Thursday, 28th, at 2 and 6, P. M.	
HERKIMER COUNTY.		
Salisbury, Friday and Saturday, 29 & 30, at 2 & 6, P. M.		
Fairfield, Sunday, 31st, at 2 and 6, P. M.		
Newport, Monday & Tues. Nov. 1 & 2, at 2 & 6, P. M.		
Norway, Wednesday & Thursday, 3 and 4,		"
Poland, Friday and Saturday, 5 and 6, at 2 and 6, P. M.		
ONEIDA COUNTY.		
Trenton, Sunday and Monday, 7 and 8. at 2 and 6, P. M.		
Holland Patent, Tuesday and Wednes. 9 & 10,		"

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY.
General Agent of American Society for New-York

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Weymouth Female Anti-Slavery Society will hold its annual FAIR in the hall of Wales' Hotel at Weymouth Landing. The Fair will commence on the evening of Tuesday, October 19, and continue through Wednesday and Thursday, closing on Thursday evening with a Tea Party. Addresses may be expected from Henry C. Wright, who has promised to be present, and from other gentlemen who have been invited. The articles offered for sale will be of unusual beauty and variety, and we trust that many friends from the neighbouring towns will favour us with their attendance.

Admission to the Fair 6 1-4 cents.
" to the Tea Party, 25 cts.

HANNAH PRICE, *Pres.*
MARY WESTON, *Rec. Sec.*

Any donations of articles or refreshments will be gratefully received.

ASSISTANT FAIR COMMITTEE.

We give below the names of the Assistant Committee on the Fair, appointed by the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, at its last annual meeting. We trust they will listen to the call of the slave, and address themselves to their work with ardour and diligence.

Abby Kimber	Martha Griffith
Edwin Fussell	Dr. W. Trego
Grace Ann Lewis	W. H. Johnson
Mahlon Linton	Joseph Smith
Achsah Jackson	D. Caleb Ash
Franceina Schofield	Eli Hambleton
Mary B. Thomas	Rebecca Walton
Abby Vickers,	Edward H. Magill
Elizabeth Coates	James Lewis
Jane Moore	George Corson
Samuel Swain,	Hiram Corson
Alice Eliza Hambleton	James Ramage
Anna Whitson	Isaac Roberts
Rebecca Smith	Emma S. Paxson
Rachel Bassett	Wm. Taylor
Rachel H. Brosius	Mary Holinshead
Allan Moore	Anna Warner
Lea Pusey	Abby Goodwin
Emily Pickering	Mary W. Needles
Rebecca Plumley	Jacob Pierce
B. Rush Plumley	Mary Cox
Hannah Townsend	Eliza Spackman
Elizabeth J. Betts	Isaac Merideth
Ruth Ann Lamborne	Pennock Marshall
Adriana Pugh	Sarah W. Pennypacker
Elizabeth Ivins	Sarah Adamson
Millison B. Storne,	Eliza Pennypacker
Mary Smith	Elizabeth Hawley
Alice Jackson	Isaiah Morris
Susan Fulton	Lydia P. Jacobs
Phebe Darlington	Elizabeth Evans
Sarah Pennock	Enoch Meredith
Rebecca Sellers	Edwin H. Coates
Edward Webb	Eliza Pugh
John Sellers, jr.	Isaiah Lewis
Letitia Brosius	Eliza Webb
J. Lyddon Pennock	Edward Webb
Mardon Wilson	Mary H. Etriken
Eleanor Parnell	Deborah Huey
Elizabeth Dickenson	Eleanor Smith
Phebe Hood	Sarah J. Atkinson
Ann Eliza M. Taylor	Joseph Hayes
Mary Pennock	Martha A. Stubbs
Mary Marshall	James H. Walker
Samuel Tyson	Mary Coates
Mary Bowman	Ann Spackman
Sarah Pierce	Amasa Worthington
Charles Pierce (Bristol)	Susannah Taylor
Chas. Pierce (Byberry)	Martha Chapman
Fanny Swain	Harriet Hood
Mary Buckman	Simpson Preston
Isaac Winslow	Charles Smith, jr.
Jacob Pierce,	Eliza Agnew
Sidney Pierce	Elizabeth Linton
James Whitehead	Martha Ivins
Esther Whitehead	Isaac Ivins
Taylor Janney	Mary K. Darlington
Samuel Pennock	Allen Agnew
Simmons Coates	Eliza Agnew
Ann Elizabeth Kent	James Sellers

Isaac Flint.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847.8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals, of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent though less effectual, channel, of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root*, of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of living on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the indifferent frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

$10,000.

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

M. W. Chapman,	*Sarah B. Shaw,*
Ann. T. G. Phillips,	*Mary G. Chapman,*
Helen E. Garrison,	*Caroline Weston,*
Mary May,	*Susan C. Cabot,*
Eliza Lee Follen,	*Anna R. Philbrick,*
Sarah S. Russell,	*Henrietta Sargent,*
Louisa Loring,	*Hannah Tuffs,*
Mary Young,	*Eliza F. Meriam,*
Mary Willey,	*Caroline F. Williams,*
Anne Warren Weston,	*Evelina S. A. Smith,*
Maria Lowell,	*Sarah H. Southwick,*
Frances Mary Robbins,	*Ann R. Bramhall,*
Lydia Parker,	*Harriet T. White,*
Harriet B. Hall,	*Abby Francis,*
Catharine Sargent,	*Abby Southwick,*
	Harriet M. Jackson.

AMERICAN FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The ninth annual meeting of the association will be held in Philadelphia, on Third day, the 19th of Tenth month.

All persons interested in this important branch of anti-slavery labour, are earnestly invited to attend.

ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, Pres.
SARAH PUGH, Sec.

Circular from the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society to all the benevolent wherever this may come.

BRETHREN & SISTERS:—This circular is addressed to you for the purpose of soliciting your aid in the work of abolishing Slavery in the State of Delaware. The preaching of anti-slavery truth for the last twenty-five years has not been useless. The facts and arguments which have been so freely published in our country, have been gradually producing their legitimate effect. The tone of public sentiment has undergone a material change. An under current has been setting towards the port of freedom, silent, perhaps generally unobserved, but none the less sure of progress on that account, until now individuals and whole States are prepared, or nearly so, for the incipient steps for emancipation. Kentucky, Delaware, Tennessee, Virginia, Maryland, are moving—slowly,—all too slowly, it is true, but they are *moving*: a sure harbinger of "a better day coming." In Delaware there are now about 2,300 slaves. These are held by a comparatively small part of our population. The great majority of our citizens are non-slaveholders—many of them from the Northern States, and the number of this class rapidly increasing. They are opposed to the system of Slavery in interest and in feeling, if that could be properly reached and developed. A prospective bill for emancipation was before our Legislature at its last session. The vote on its final passage in the House stood, for the bill 8—against it 4. In the Senate, after the second reading, a motion was made for an indefinite postponement on which the vote stood, for the motion 5—against it 4.—When the result was known considerable excitement ensued and remonstrances were sent to the Senate, which were the occasion of a motion for reconsideration, which was lost by a tie vote, one member being absent. This occured just at the close of the session. Had the bill been earlier before that body there is a probability of a different result having obtained.

From these facts the friends of freedom feel they have great cause for encouragement to put forth renewed efforts for the accomplishment of our object. This our society proposes doing. We would send forth the living agent, as well as tracts and periodicals, appealing to the consciences and common sense of our citizens. We would leave no stone unturned to have that accomplished at the next meeting of our Legislature, which failed at the last. We doubt not that a corresponding activity will be shown by those determined to adhere to the system of Slavery. Yet unwilling to release their captives, they will appeal to all that is selfish, deter by threats the timid, and deceive the unwary. We would be more active, more vigilant, more untiring than they; but we are few in number and limited in our resources. For the means to carry on our warfare we must look to benevolence abroad. We invite you then to whom this is addressed particularly—we invite all to whose notice it may come to contribute of your abundance, or may be of your poverty that which you can, to forward the work. Let Delaware

Poetry.

A CHANT FOR THE HARVEST HOME OF 1847.

Received from the Author, Martin Farquhar Tupper, by the Editors of the Home Journal.

O bless the God of harvest, praise him through the land,
Thank him for his precious gifts, his help, and liberal love:
Praise him for the fields, that have rendered up their riches,
And, dressed in sunny stubbles, take their Sabbath after toil;
Praise him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying bare,
And meadows, where the sweet-breathed hay was stacked in early summer,
Praise him for the wheat-sheaves, gathered safely into barn,
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the sounding flail;
Praise him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness,
Praise him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant bitter;
Praise him for the wholesome root that fattened in the furrow,
Praise him for the mellow fruits that bend the groaning bough;
For blessings on thy basket, for blessings on thy store,
For skill and labour prospered well, by gracious suns and showers,
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the hearth,
O happy heart of this broad land, praise the God of harvest!

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise Him for you,
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your thanks:
Trees and shrubs, and the many herbs, gladdening the eyes with verdure,
For all your leaves and flowers and fruits, we praise the God of harvest!
Birds and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting on the air,
And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of mail,
And steers, resting after labour, and timorous flocks afold,
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the creaking wains,
For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,
Your sleep and food, and animal peace, we praise the God of harvest!

And ye, O some who never prayed, and therefore cannot praise;
Poor darkling sons of care and toil and unillumined night,
Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your work,
Who laid down late, but rendered no thank-offering for that blessing,
Which, all unsought, He sent, and all unknown ye gathered,—
Alas, for you, and in your stead, we praise the God of harvest!

O ye famine-stricken glens, whose children shrieked for bread,
And noisome alleys of the town, where fever fed on hunger,—
O ye children of despair, bitterly bewailing Erin,
Come and join my cheerful praise, for God hath answered prayer:
Praise Him for the better hopes, and signs of better times,
Unity, gratitude, contentment—industry, peace, and plenty;
Bless Him that his chastening rod is now the sceptre of forgiveness,
And in your joy, remember well to praise the God of harvest!

Come, come along with me, and swell this grateful song,
Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of the soil:
All ye that sowed the seed in faith, with those who reaped in joy,
And he that drove the plough afield, with all the scattered gleaners,
And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that tend the sheep,
And men that load the sluggish wain, or neatly thatch the rick,—
Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your thrilling cheers,
But make the merry farmer's hall respond with glad rejoicings,
And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest-home,
And join this cheerful song of praise—to bless the God of harvest!

Miscellany.

From Howitt's Journal.

MEMOIR OF HENRY CLARKE WRIGHT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

(Continued.)

Let all apprentices who read this, read it to their profit, and let others do the same too,—love begets love; kindness, kindness; and a meek and forbearing and forgiving spirit disarms wrath. Henry Wright's influence over his companions was unbounded; and though their master was an example to them of almost perfect depravity, yet so strong was the effect of this one youth's example, that it in a great measure counteracted the evil of the other.

Henry's fondness for music was still unabated; his flute or his fife beguiled many a solitary or otherwise anxious hour; and in the winter, while many of his fellow-apprentices attended a dancing school, he went to a singing school. This school was kept by a man who was reckoned very religious; he opened and closed his school by prayer, and busied himself greatly about the souls of his pupils. He wished very much that Henry's soul should be converted, but that was a subject about which the youth did not trouble himself at present; what he cared for was the beautiful voice of the master, and his fine skill on the harp. With him Henry studied the science of music. After some time the singing-master left the place, and Henry then conducted, for several months, a singing school every Sunday evening, in which he taught young men and women, many of them older than himself. This school, and the instruction which he gave, and which was gratuitous, produced a powerful effect on his feelings; it made him in some sort a public man, and gave him considerable influence in the village, more especially as the singing-master, before he left, had told every one that Henry knew more about music than he did himself.

For some time he was the leader of the choir at the meeting, and this he delighted in; before long, however, it was discussed in the congregation whether it was right for him, an *unconverted* person, to sing in the meeting, much more be the leader of the singers, and this troubled and perplexed him no little. These very people would often come to the school to hear him sing, and sing with him there; he felt in himself often a sincere sentiment of religion, as he sang in the woods and fields under the open canopy of heaven; how, then, should it be wrong for him to sing in the meeting-house?

As a child, Henry had been brought up in the most rigid observance of the Sabbath; his father had permitted neither laughter, mirth, nor amusement of any kind on that day, and that day was the only one in the seven which brought weariness with it; but his father's religious notions taught him that this day must be kept holy, and this was his way of keeping it so. Now, on the contrary, the master hat-maker troubled himself not about the Sabbath, nor the manner in which his people kept it. Whether they read the Bible, or the jest-book; whether they slept or woke; whether they were merry or sad, mattered not to him. All he cared for was, that when they went out they should be well washed, and in their Sunday clothes, and that they should not molest their neighbours.

Spite of the old habit, which made Henry feel as if it were wrong, in some way or other, not to go twice at least to meeting on the Sabbath, and to read his Bible, and say prayers, and wear a grave and sad countenance, he very frequently strolled away alone down the beautiful valley in which the village of Norwich stood, and along the banks of the Chenango river. Many a quiet and soul-sanctifying Sabbath did he spend on the banks of that river; under the shade of the large old apple-trees which were scattered here and there, and which were planted by the Indians. Sometimes he would take one of his young apprentice-companions with him; then they would bathe in the clear river, and gather wild berries and apples from the trees, no one questioning their right to them; sing, laugh, and inhale copious draughts of the fresh air, which seemed doubly invigorating after a six days' confinement over the hatter's block and furnace.

The elder apprentices had their day's work assigned them, and when that was done they could either work at *overwork*, for which they received journeymen's wages, or they could have their time to themselves. Henry spent his overtime in reading and study. The older he grew the more he found his own want of knowledge. His first study was in English grammar, of which, when he was perfectly master, he entered deeply into the philosophy of language generally. His study was his bed-room, a little garret in the roof, and this became to him a perfect college; and here he studied profoundly geography, history, and astronomy. After spending most of the day occupied in shaping hats, he would retire to his garret, and betake himself to his books. Astronomy had infinite charms for him, and, with his coat still off, and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, his mind would ascend to the heavens, and wonder and revel amid the planets, and explore the mysteries of the universe; this was to him unspeakable happiness; nor did he even now abandon arithmetic; it never lost with him its first charm of certainty.

The wife of Henry's master was a truly good woman, whose religion was the governing principle of her life; she had an acquaintance by the name of Snow, a poor old woman who used often to visit her. She was a kind of mother in the town, the oldest inhabitant, and had seen the village, thriving as it now was, grow up in the wilderness. She could tell the history of the past, when few besides Indians dwelt on the banks of the Chenango river, or fished in its waters. Henry was greatly attached to this old woman, and she took the warmest interest in him; and much as he disliked that other people should talk to him about religion, and "the state of his soul," he was glad to see her, and to hear her converse on these subjects. The truth was, that there was such a spirit of love and faith in her, as made it pleasant to hear her talk; she assumed no holy, sanctified manner, no austere look or tone, but entered at once into his feelings of doubt and uncertainty, infusing, in return, her own beautiful and consolatory faith. His acquaintance with her was a sort of bright sunny spot in his life; she instructed him first that religion is a living principle in the soul, and that God is an ever present, ever controlling guide,—she taught him in short to look up to God as a little child to a loving father.

The first time that Henry went home during his apprenticeship was for a visit of two weeks. As yet he had never thoroughly recovered from his home-sickness; his heart ever pined for home. He was now to visit that endeared spot of earth, and to have daily intercourse again with his heart's beloved ones. His impatience was so great that, on the day of his departure, he could not be persuaded to wait for breakfast. It was in the month of August, and he was to walk the distance, thirty miles, on foot, eighteen of which were through the forest, where there was scarcely a road. It was a hot, and weary, and most fatiguing journey, and as he unfortunately had on a pair of new boots, his feet were blistered and in so miserable a state that he performed the latter part of the journey barefoot. But what did that matter?—he was going home. At length he reached the top of the mountain, whence he could look down upon the beloved home of his childhood. It was not yet evening, and so overcome was he with the sight, that he sat down on the hill-top to feast his eyes with the familiar objects before him, and to calm his agitated feelings. All things looked as when he left; the forests, the hills, the brooks,—all were the same. He hastened down to the house with the bounding spirit of impatient love, but then he saw that a change really was come over all. On the threshold he met his father, his elder brothers, and his three young half-sisters, but there also was his father's third wife—his second stepmother.

Great as was the revulsion of feeling occasioned in the first instance by this change, he soon found that his father and elder children were made happy by this marriage, and that she was kind to his beloved half-sisters. With what intensity of interest did he visit all the familiar scenes about his home! every field and meadow in which he had worked, every little dingle and thicket in which he had plucked raspberries and strawberries, and the wild cherries and plums in the woods, and every stream by which he had wandered, he visited now with a yearning sentiment of love. At that time his attachment to *places* was intense; the idea of *home* was associated with scenes as well as persons; it required years to deaden this sentiment. The time was to come even to him, when *duty* would make his home; and nobler still, when his heart in sincerity could say, "where my God is, there is my home: the universe itself is my home—the beautiful, the magnificent, the illimitable home of my spirit." At that time, however, the sweet little valley in which stood his father's house seemed to him a paradise.

He stayed for a fortnight in the full enjoyment of his domestic affections, and then departed again on foot for his home at the hatter's. His elder brother accompanied him a few miles on his way, to the top of the hill looking down into the home-valley, and where he had sat on his way thither. Here he parted with his brother, and then going half-a-mile out of his way into the woods, he took out his flute and played a sweet, plaintive air, while the tears were streaming down his cheeks. That parting was both a sweet and a bitter one—sweet because he had been at his home, bitter because he was again leaving it. The visit, however, had, after all, a soothing and satisfying effect upon his mind: from that time the depressing home-sickness left him.

We are now arrived at an important period, in which an event occurred, which in the end turned the whole course of Henry's life. The Presbyterian Church of the village had no minister. The minister of a neighbouring place was invited there for a few weeks as an evangelist. He was an extraordinary man, by name John Truair, a Spaniard by birth, middle aged, tall, erect, with long thin face, and head thrown back; his complexion was dark, with deep-set black eyes; he was slovenly, and yet, at the same time, foppish in his dress and manners. He was a man of a determined will, with an emphatic voice, and thoroughly versed in the art of moving the feelings, and producing an excitement in society.

This man came, and began to hold meetings; he went from house to house, visiting families, and rousing up every one to a care of their souls. He had not been long there when rumours of a "Revival" were spread abroad. Such eloquence as the minister's had never been heard before, and people flocked from all parts to hear him; and the subject of his discourse was ever that the Lord was about to visit his people, and gather the wheat from the chaff. The excitement was immense, and everybody began to wonder who would be the *wheat*, or the *elect*. The excitement grew more and more; and nothing was seen but people hurrying from house to house, and from shop to shop, to warn every one to take care for his soul, and ever and anon tidings came that this person and that person were "under distress of mind," preparatory to their election being made sure; and everywhere prayers were put up for them.

Before long the Methodists and the Baptists, unwilling to be behindhand, brought hither their effective preachers, and public and private meetings, prayers, preachings, and singing went forward on all hands throughout the neighbourhood. The next event was the announcement that such and such persons who had been under this ominous distress of mind had now "found religion," or were "brought out," and then great was the exultation and joy, which was only completed by these telling their experience aloud, and exhorting others to do likewise.

The prayers and the preachings, and the stern, dignified manners of the Rev. John Truair soon gained an influence over the young hatter; he was regular in attending his prayings and preachings, although he was so unwilling that anybody should witness the effect they had upon him that he always placed himself in the darkest and most hidden corner of the meeting-house, where he could sit and give way to his emotion unseen by the congregation. In the meetings which were held by Truair, unlike those of the ordinary Presbyterian body, no objection was made to the singing being entirely under the direction of Henry Wright. The most rousing and exciting hymns were given out, so that the singing was not much less effective than the praying and preaching. Before long the "Revival" had gone through the whole place like a whirlwind; nobody, whether rich or poor, talked on any other subject. All pastimes were discontinued, and the village, both young and old flocked to the various meetings.

In the first instance all this excitement was a great amusement to Henry Wright; it was an intense enjoyment to him to see everybody so very much in earnest, and to see also that he had it in his power, by his hymn tunes and his singing, to add to their enthusiasm. In process of time, however, the energetic and determined eloquence of the preacher affected him, and he then secluded himself in the darker places of the meeting-house to hide his tears and his emotion; and then all mere amusement over the scene ceased; it was a stern, downright, and earnest affair, which he could as little explain as withstand. All that he knew was that he himself had never been converted, and without he were, without he were "brought under distress of mind," and enabled to find the thing called "Religion," whatever it might be, there was no hope for his salvation. This was an important view of the case, and in his then state he resolved to do his part towards the saving of his soul.

His father had given him a Bible when he left home, and the father had written his name and his son's in it. He now determined to read this through carefully, and to make himself if possible the possessor of that hidden, mysterious, yet invaluable jewel called religion, of which he had heard so much from the days of his childhood. At the very commencement of his task his trouble began, and that in the fall of Adam and Eve, in which fall, according to the creed which he had learned in the catechism, all mankind had sinned. For days and nights he pondered on this mysterious and perplexing subject; but no light came to his soul; his little garret was no longer his cheerful study, but a dark and gloomy penance chamber, in which he suffered over his theological and polemical questionings the most exquisite distress of mind, principally because he was the descendant of a weak sinner like Adam, who had bequeathed to his universal and helpless children the consequences of his own failings.

All through the Old Testament he went, and then he came to the New, which filled him with a longing that he might but be possessed of the glorious and noble spirit of self-sacrifice which runs through it. In a few weeks he had read the whole Bible carefully, but though he had heard young converts declare repeatedly that "they had found religion" in its pages, he could not say the same, for he was still in the same tossed and uncertain state of mind as at first. In the mean time the excitement went on in the village, several leading inhabitants of the place were "brought out," and at last the lawyer himself, a cool-headed and sedate man. This was the crowning point, and of course produced abundant fruit of "conversion" in others.

In addition to the distress of soul which Henry Wright felt in having to suffer for the sin of his first parents, he now became livingly aware of his own individual sins, and in particular to a want of kindness which he had at one time shown towards a younger brother. He longed so earnestly to throw himself upon his knees before him and ask forgiveness both from him and from Heaven. He was now indeed "under distress of mind," that state of which from a child he had heard so much and had feared so greatly.

He believed as he had been taught. He believed therefore, that he was unconverted as long as this miserable state of mind remained, but that if he were to be accepted, a time would come, a moment of time, when all the burden of his sin would be taken from him. This was the experience of all the so-called converted whom he knew, and therefore he expected it to be his. At length one day as he lay reading in his little garret, overwhelmed by the same miserable depression of feeling, all at once the deep anguish really did pass away, and there was a sudden revulsion from sorrow to joy. He had found deliverance, he was *converted*, he had laid hold upon *religion*. That was then, and remained long afterwards, his sincere belief.

Just at the time when Henry, as he believed it his duty, related in the presence of the congregation the wonderful change which was wrought within him, and a great rejoicing was made over it, several young men of the place who had resisted the contagion of this religious frenzy, and at the head of whom was the clerk of that very lawyer who had done so much honour to the Revival, determined to arrest its progress by giving a ball. The largest room in the place was hired, and the most famous fiddler engaged; their supper, too, was to be sumptuous, and their cards were issued. All this, however, was not done without the knowledge of the Rev. John Truair, who announced a sermon for that night, to be preached as near to the place where the ball was to be held as possible. The sermon was a tremendous one; he called the ball an atheistical design to drive the Lord out of Norwich, and the young converts re-echoed the cry. The ball and the preaching were thus pitted against each other, and the ball was not only vanquished, but the discomfited lawyer's clerk was obliged to quit the place.

Henry Wright was then nearly twenty, and the term of his apprenticeship had not yet expired, when he asked and obtained leave of absence for three weeks. He had a brother residing in Pennsylvania, and to him he resolved to go, to try whether in new scenes and among new people the excitement within him would pass away. To a great extent it did, but still a great change had come over him, and he determined to lead "a religious life" as he then understood it. On his return to Norwich he found the excitement had gone off very generally; people again attended to their business, and things were beginning to fall into their ordinary course. After due examination, he and sixty other converts were admitted members of the Presbyterian Church, and that being the case, he thought it time to write to his father and inform him of all that had happened to him. This was the first letter that Henry had ever written to his father, but it was on a subject, and it contained tidings, which would afford his father's heart great joy.

We have now arrived at the year 1815, when peace was made between Great Britain and America. Henry Wright, according to his warlike and democratic feelings, had sympathized most intensely in the events of the war, rejoicing in every triumph of his country over "the proud Britishers," whom he hated abundantly. The conclusion of the war produced an effect much nearer home than the good hatters of Norwich had looked for; the price of hats, which had been very high during the war, now fell; the English hat-maker rejoiced that a new and extensive market was opened for his goods, and the American hatter bewailed his fate as a ruined man, Henry Wright's master among the rest. He complained that his apprentices were a burden to him, and on this, four of them, among whom was our friend, proposed to leave him; Henry's principal reason, however, being that he might have an opportunity of pursuing his studies in a higher and better school than any to be found in Norwich.

In writing to his father respecting what he called his "conversion," he had found a defect in himself, of which, till then, he had been unaware; this was, difficulty in expressing himself forcibly and clearly; for this he found he wanted study, and to school, therefore, he determined to go.

His parting with his fellow apprentices, whom he loved, and between whom and himself there had so long been an interchange of good offices, and with his mistress and her little children, who likewise were very dear to him, was in a high degree painful. And even when the hour of departure came, his master—the hard, brutal man—accompanied him a short distance on his way, entered into conversation with him on religious matters; encouraged him to persevere in the upright, honest course he had hitherto pursued, and, begging him to forget and forgive all his ill-temper and unkindness, bade him farewell with tears in his eyes. Such was the effect of goodness on what appeared a hopelessly brutal nature.

The events which Henry had communicated to his father had afforded him unmingled pleasure; they met on common ground, and conversed, not as the stern father and timid child, but as friend with friend. To his pleasure and surprise, he found that his father had already formed plans for his future; he should devote himself to steady preparation for being a minister, and in this his good stepmother was a zealous co-operator, and undertook to furnish his wardrobe; the brothers, too, had adopted the idea, and urged it warmly; there was nothing for him to do, but to acquiesce. Again he was at school with books and writing materials about him, no longer the child learning merely the task required from its memory, or the youth rejoicing over the proving of a sum, but the inquiring, active-minded young man, gifted with that fine moral sense which made him deeply aware that his influence for good upon others depended solely upon himself, and that he could be wise, good, great or learned, only by his own efforts. A deeply ingrafted consciousness of this fact is the noblest foundation for a sterling and manly character.

The energy and industry with which he applied himself to study were astonishing to every one.—Study was an all-absorbing passion; he applied to it with all his mind, and all his strength, and so completely did it employ his entire faculties, that, although there were forty students beside himself, he hardly became acquainted with their names, and scarcely allowed himself time to eat or sleep.

"Life was," says he, "at that time a glorious boon to me, for though, even while amid my fellow beings, I was in solitude, yet I was very happy; I felt that it was an infinite privilege to live, and this, I believe, was owing to the impulse given to my intellectual being by the excitement and interest I felt in my studies."

As a student for the ministry, it was necessary that he should become acquainted with the classics. He bought, therefore, a Latin grammar and a dictionary, a copy of Cicero and Virgil, and other such works as were considered necessary for the study of that language. He had no master, but that was of small consequence to a determined scholar like himself, and in about three weeks he commenced reading Virgil. In three months' time, he had gone through the whole of Virgil and Cicero, and at the same time studied composition and public speaking. He soon after commenced the Greek in the same way, without a master, and very soon was reading the Gospel of St. John, the whole of which he carefully committed to memory. His delight in the study of these languages was beyond anything which he had experienced before; he perfectly revelled in them, and the skill and rapidity with which he wrote the Greek characters were most remarkable.

For three years he pursued his studies in the Greek and Latin; he studied during this time sixteen hours a day, with an interval, in each summer, of six weeks, when he worked on his father's farm. On these occasions, he laid aside his classical studies, astronomy, logic, and philosophy, and took in hand the scythe and the sickle. Again, I say, there is something perfectly Arcadian—there is a healthy, fresh, invigorating spirit in this simple life of rural labour, combined with the highest intellectual cultivation.

His home, too, at that time, was singularly happy: the elder brothers and sisters were married away, excepting one brother, who, living in a house on his father's farm, attended to its management. The stepmother was an amiable and excellent woman, and made her husband and his children happy; the three step-sisters, whom Henry loved so dearly, were growing up great girls, whilst the present wife's own daughter by a former husband, who lived with them, was equally beloved by all.

It was a happy home—a simple, one-storied house, with stumps of trees and primeval forest around it, but it had many claims on his heart: he even now cherishes the hope of one day revisiting it. May this hope be realized, and may it fill his heart with unmingled happiness, is my own wish, and will, I am sure, be the wish of every one of my readers.

After a long debate with himself, whether he should enter as a student of Andover college, near Boston, and there study some years longer, preparatory to taking upon himself the duties of a minister, or whether he should go out as a missionary to Owyhee, he finally decided for the college, principally because it would afford him an opportunity of prosecuting his studies, and, more especially, enable him to gain a knowledge of the Hebrew, about which language he was greatly interested.

Spite of all the captivating prospects of study which lay before him, it was with a sorrowing heart that he again separated himself from the beloved inmates of home. His father took him in a wagon to Cooperstown, whence he was to proceed by coach. The father was now an old man, erect in person, and of the same stern, determined temper as had characterized his life; but there was now a bond of union between the parent and the child, which had not existed formerly. The two walked together on the banks of Otsego Lake till sunset, the father having the firm belief that it was the last time he should see his son in this world. The hour came when they must part; he took his son's hand in his, and held it long, gazing on him with the deepest affection and sorrow, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. Henry, who was unused to such emotion in his stern parent, felt awed. Neither father nor son exchanged a word, but their silence spoke to each other's heart. So parted they on the banks of the beautiful lake, in the bright month of September. Henry watched his father, as he went on his homeward way, and that was the last time he saw him. He died suddenly, about three years afterwards.

"Stern, inflexible, just, but loving author of my being," says he, "I cherish thy remembrance with deep-felt, undiminished filial love and respect; somewhere in the universe we shall meet again!"

On his way to Andover, Henry Wright passed through the town of Northampton, which was the birth-place of his mother, and where her brother and other of her relatives still lived. *Her* name, also, had been Wright, and to the house of her brother, Seth, Henry now went. These relatives were all personally unknown to him, and this uncle was a man of wealth and reputation, and, morever, having lived some years in Boston, he and his family were Unitarians, and members of Dr. Channing's church. After having been in the family a few days, they gave him Dr. Channing's Discourse on Unitarian Christianity to read, which was just then published. He read it with great interest; he was struck with the candour and boldness with which the writer states his own views, but he was shocked at those views which appeared to him adverse to the truth, as he then believed it. During his stay in this family, his uncle took him to the house in which his mother was born, and from which she was married; that beloved, affectionate mother, the memory of whom lived in his heart with the brightness and beauty of an angel! Half a century had passed away since she left, yet he was told that things remained in it much as when she was a child there. This affected him much: he went into the room where she was born; sate where she had sat, and it seemed to him as if she lived and breathed in all around him. There was another surviving brother of hers in the place, a very old and infirm man, who received him with abundant affection for her sake, and when they told him that he was the son of his beloved younger sister, Miriam, he blessed him, bowed his head over him, and wept.

But these pleasant traits of affectionate life delay us perhaps too long.

Henry's feelings at the commencement of his collegiate life were such as might be expected. It was late in the autumn, dreary and dark weather, and his feelings were like the weather. He felt himself doubly solitary, and in a sphere that was quite novel to him. He had as yet never come in contact with literary men; he had now to enter on an untried career with a hundred young men, all of whom had enjoyed the benefit of public, collegiate education; he knew nothing of the habits of the life there; they did; *he* was country-bred, and had been used to the labour of his hands, *they* all had enjoyed eight or nine years of academical training; and with these, he who had only studied three years, and that in solitude, must commence the race, and keep up with them; he resolved to do that, or perish in the attempt.

He laid down for himself a system of severe study and mental discipline accordant with his conscientious and ardent mind, and to this he rigorously adhered. His principal studies for the first year, according to the rules of the college, were connected with biblical learning, and hence he was enabled to gratify his wishes respecting the Hebrew language, in which he became a profound scholar, and so great was his delight in it, that he pursued it assiduously many years afterwards, and even till his health failed under it, while in this country.

Remainder next week.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN ENGLAND.

Some of our readers may remember that we copied, two or three months since, the extract referred to in the following article from the New-York Evening Post. We did so, hoping that it would be corrected by some one familiar with the subject:

The following extract has made its appearance in nearly all the newspapers of the United States unfriendly to a reform in our penal laws. We remember the appearance of the article in the Law Magazine, from which it is taken, and at the time believed that there must be some mistake in its statements, but had not then the statistics at hand, which put it in our power to make a satisfactory contradiction.

"STATISTICS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The Law (English) Magazine states:—On the first of October, 1836, death punishment was abolished for—first, attempt to murder, attended by no results dangerous to life; second, burglary; third, robbery; fourth, arson; and in the year 1841, for rape. In every one of these crimes there has been an increase since the removal of the punishment. Taking the three years which preceded the change, and the years 1842, 1843, and 1844, after the change, the increase on the first has been 89 per cent.; on the second, 115 per cent.; on the third, 124 per cent.; and on the rapes, 102 per cent. The whole shows the power and dread of the death penalty."

Sir James Graham, when the subject was under discussion, in the British Parliament, relying upon the accuracy of the statistics in the Law Magazine, made a similar statement, and thus gave a kind of official authority to the text. The article has produced a very deep impression in the minds of the friends of the death punishment, who have regarded it as conclusive.

But it turns out now that the statistics of the Law Magazine were founded in a mistake. Owing to some cause or other, it seems that there was no winter assize held in 1845, so that the criminals who should have been tried that year were passed over into the next; and as important ameliorations were made in the law during the former year, it gave to the results of the latter year an unfavourable aspect. The official tables, however, have corrected this, and now show most clearly the reforms in the severity of the law have been followed by a decrease in the number of crimes. The following correspondence, which we cut from the British Friend, a paper published by the Friends of London, sets this at rest:

To the Editors of the British Friend:

DEAR FRIENDS:—I had hoped that Sir Fitzroy Kelly's parliamentary paper would, ere this, have been printed; and thus have enabled you to furnish to your readers official proof, for the inspection of hesitating candidates at the general election, that Sir James Graham's attempt in the House of Commons to alarm the public about an increase of crime, and that, too, occasioned by the disuse of capital punishment, was quite unwarranted.

As a substitute, enclosed are some results which I have myself carefully extracted from the annual tables of the Home Department.

Your sincere friend,
JOHN T. BARRY.

London, 24th of seventh month, 1847.

P. S. You will be glad to hear, that of the nine candidates for the representation of the city of London, no less than six are prepared, if elected, to vote for the abolition of capital punishments. The names of the six are subjoined, viz:—J. Pattison, J. W. Freshfield, J. Masterman, L. De Rothschild, W. Payne, Sir G. Larpent. J. T. B.

A return is annually made, to Parliament, of the number of commitments for crime in England and Wales. This return appeared heavier for the year 1846 than for 1845; and was attributed, publicly, by one of the advocates of capital punishment, to its disuse. It so happened that no winter assize had been held at the close of 1845. The prisoners then in confinement, were, consequently, not tried till the spring of 1846. They were therefore reckoned as part of the commitments for that year, at the end of which the usual winter assize was held. For 1846, the apparent number of commitments was thus necessarily greater than the real number.

As there were no means of ascertaining the augmentation occasioned by this omission of one winter assize, it was thought advisable to combine the two years, 1845, '46, and compare results with the previous two years, 1843, '44. This has been done in the following table:

England and Wales. Committals.	2 years, 1843-44.	2 years, 1845-46.	Decrease.
Class 1. Offences against the person,	4,737	4,215	525
Class 2. Against property, with violence,	4,289	2,978	1,311
Class 3. Against property, without violence,	42,523	39,741	3,182
Class 4. Malicious offences against property,	626	358	268
Class 5. Forgery, Coining, &c. &c.	1,216	844	372
Class 6. All other offences,	2,542	1,474	1,068
Total,	56,133	49,410	6,723

It thus appears that, instead of having increased, as heretofore, crime has latterly diminished, in all the six classes of the Home Office tables. This diminution we find, on thus examining the tables, (for 1845, '46, and 1843, '44,) applies to almost every individual offence in the six classes above given, not excepting those for which capital punishment is discontinued. This will appear more fully when the return is ready, for which Sir Fitzroy Kelly moved on the 2d of this month. It will embrace the two biennial periods.

The following account of a visit to Father Mathew we copy from MRS. Nicholson's "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," which we noticed two or three weeks ago:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST.—Called at Father Mathew's. His house is quite plain; the hall door is fastened open from six in the morning till the same time in the evening, saying to the citizen and stranger, "ye are welcome." The carpet of the hall is loose straw, and a woman sits at the entrance to receive and point the visitor to the room on the right, where the "rich and poor meet together," to take the pledge, or spend a leisure half hour, to watch the movements and listen to the salutary cautions and words of kindness from the lips of this devoted man. My letter of introduction had been given him some months before, in a crowd, when he had only opportunity to say, "I will see you in Cork."

"Why did you not come to me when you first came to this country; you knew I would have taken care of you?" was the greeting he gave me when I entered.

The room is entirely devoid of ornament, except the papers pasted upon the wall, as cautions to the intemperate. Benches are arranged about the room for those in waiting, on one of which, in an obscure corner, I took my seat, and saw the lame and deformed, the clean and filthy, the well clad and the tattered, kneel and take the pledge, and enter their names in a book, which the clerk who registered them said counted five millions and four thousand. To the meanest beggar he speaks as kindly as to the titled gentleman, and to the suffering I often saw him slip a little change, bidding them depart, and not disgrace him by breaking the pledge.

He invited me to dinner at five o'clock, and his dining-room wore the same unassuming appearance, as does everything about him—no carpet, no sofa, and not an appendage but what was absolutely necessary. His table is arranged in the most finished order, and the cooking, which is done by a man, is of the best kind. He seldom dines alone.

The next morning at 8, he invited me to the chapel, to see an aged nun renew her vow, who had fifty years been teaching the poor, and had never been out of the convent. She approached the grating which separated the room from the chapel, with her black robe and veil upon her head, while the meek man congratulated her on her long faithfulness in labouring for the poor, and pointing her to the reward in heaven which he trusted was in store for her, gave her the thanks of the convent, and pronounced his benediction. He spoke of crowning her, a ceremony usual on such occasions, but she refused the honour. She then renewed her vow in an audible but softened manner, promised to be faithful until death, &c. The ceremonies closed, I then accompanied Father Mathew to the convent, where I had been invited to breakfast with him. The breakfast was the first I had seen in American style in Ireland, and though their beefsteak, coffee, and other etceteras I declined, yet good cream, the best of bread, and jam, made a palatable repast.

The nuns sat at the table, but did not eat, and were surprised and distressed at my abstinence. I was here introduced to the nun who had renewed her vow; and when she told me she was 84, and not a furrow had old time made in her plump, placid face, I was compelled to take her word for it, for there was no other testimony. Father Mathew sent his man to show me the way to the Independent Church, telling him to go in, and introduce me to the sexton.

The next evening a temperance meeting was held in a neatly decorated room, prepared by the poor fish women, who were teetotallers. "You must go," said Father Mathew, "as you wish to see the poor. These women, five years ago, were the greatest nuisance in Cork; but they took the pledge, and not one has broken it."

I went. The rich, too, were there; they had been invited because it was the poor who had made the feast.

The room was crowded, tea was prepared, and the meeting was opened by three cheers for the Queen, and I could not mention the unexpected kind feeling bestowed thus publicly on me, were it not a duty which I owe to a class of people whom I had ever been taught felt nothing but bitterness, and acted nothing but persecution to their opponents. But justice, not sectarianism, must be my motto; character, and not popularity, must be my watchword. I was a Protestant, and they knew it. Father Mathew arose, and introduced me to the audience, telling them my object in Ireland was to visit the poor, and learn their true condition; adding a sketch of my manner of travelling and living, which I had never told him.

When the cheering and welcome had subsided, Father Mathew, in a low voice, said, "You must speak to these people, you can do them good; get up without delay, and tell them what you came for." My eyes effected my heart; I had never before seen such a respectable looking company of the poor assembled in Ireland, and accompanied, too, with the rich and the noble, taking their tea together. I briefly stated my motives in visiting Ireland, congratulated them on the progress of the temperance cause, and sat down.

An old grey-haired priest arose, and said, "I have read of prophets, I have read of apostles, I have read of martyrs, but among them all, I never read nor heard that ever a woman left her country alone, to search out a poor people—to suffer privation with them—to learn their true condition. What shall we do for her, and how shall we express our gratitude?"

This was reciprocated through the room, and when the meeting ended, not one of that great multitude would leave the house till each had given the hand to say, "welcome, welcome to our country."

MRS. BANCROFT IN LONDON.—"It so happened that one fine afternoon, this summer, our minister's wife, Mrs. Bancroft, walked down Regent street, and called at a fashionable store to purchase a shawl. She found an excellent one, costing only £20; and wishing to test its virtues, she threw it over her shoulders, and left her old one to be ordered home. She sallied out again, sailed along up Regent street, desiring to make a sensation with her splendid shawl, and she succeeded wonderfully. She soon perceived that she was attracting unusual attention. Some stood in great wonder, some stopped and looked, some laughed outright, villainous boys pointed with their canes, young ladies turned round on passing and blushed, gentlemen on looking at her suddenly examined the sky for stars, acquaintances rode by in carriages, nodded, smiled, and bit their lips immediately afterwards. What could it all mean? It certainly was unusual and very singular, and Mrs. B. hurried home out of her breath and out of her wits, too. Her maid soon solved the mystery. The shawl proved to be one which was exhibited in the front window of the shop, the merchant having forgotten to remove the show label, and there it was still, bearing the following announcement in magnificent capitals, "VERY CHASTE, AT £20!"—*Sunday Atlas.*

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

Two royal proclamations of the 28th of July have just been published, by which the decrees of the King of Denmark in 1846 for the emancipation of slaves in the Danish West India Islands are brought into force. Both proclamations are addressed to Major-General Von Scholter, Governor of the Danish West Indian Islands. The first states that from "motives of justice and humanity, as well as considerations of the welfare of the West India Colonies, and the interest of the planters, the existing regulations respecting the slaves shall cease; in such a manner, however, that the complete emancipation shall not take place till after the lapse of twelve years, so that meanwhile the proper measures may be taken for making the arrangements for the consolidation of the necessary changes. On the other hand, all children of slaves who shall be born after the date of the decree shall be free." The second proclamation commands the Governor-General to institute a commission which shall make proposals relative to the necessary administrative and legislative arrangements consequent upon these proclamations.

MR. LEIGH HUNT.—Mr. Leigh Hunt was entertained on Wednesday at dinner by the members of the Musuem Club. W. Fox, Esq. M.P. presided over about forty of the most distinguished, and perhaps the merriest of Mr. Leigh Hunt's literary friends.

M. Levasseur, the French Consul-General at Hayti has just had the honor of being received by the King at St. Cloud. M. Levasseur returned to France with the convention which, as his Majesty's Plenipotentiary, he concluded on May 15 with the Republic of Hayti, insuring the execution of the financial treaty of 1838.

The Archives Israelites says: "It is calculated that the total number of Jews spread over the surface of the globe is 6,000,000 of souls. Of these 180,000 are in the enjoyment of civil rights, viz: 30,000 in the United States of America, 50,000 in Holland, 10,000 in Belgium, and 90,000 in France.—In England 20,000 are as yet incompletely emancipated.

The house in which Shakspeare was born was sold at the auction mart, by Mr. Robins. It was purchased by the committee acting at Stratford and London for £3,000, there being no opposition bidding.

Mr. Constable, publisher, of Edinburgh, has given the large sum of £10,000 for the manuscripts left by the late Dr. Chalmers. Among them is a Commentary on the Bible as far as the book of Jeremiah.

Lieutenant Sir Walter Lockhart has been allowed to add the name of Scott to that of his father.

A vessel has arrived at London with a cargo of bricks from the tower of Babel, and with other architectural curiosities for the British Museum.

SALE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL'S FURNITURE.—On Thursday and yesterday week, the sale of the furniture in the town residence of the Liberator took place, on the premises. The attendance was most respectable and numerous, and the anxiety manifested to possess some relic of the great man was intense. The pictures and books were not included in the sale. The auctioneer, opened the sale in the kitchen, and the first article put up was a gridiron, which sold for 3s. 6d. The broker who bought it valued it at a shilling, but said he held an order to secure it at any reasonable price, as a "relic." It was supposed that the sale would not be concluded before Saturday evening.

An enthusiastic gentleman writes to the *Freeman's Journal* to propose a subscription for Mr. O'Connell's family of £100,000.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—At Adina, in Friule, a poor man suffering under the agonizing tortures of hydrophobia, was cured by draughts of vinegar given him by mistake, instead of another potion. Another physician at Padua got intelligence of this event, and tried the same remedy upon a patient at the hospital, administering a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, and the man was speedily and perfectly cured.

LORD BROUGHAM'S ANCESTOR.—A singular skeleton, seated cross-legged, with a piece